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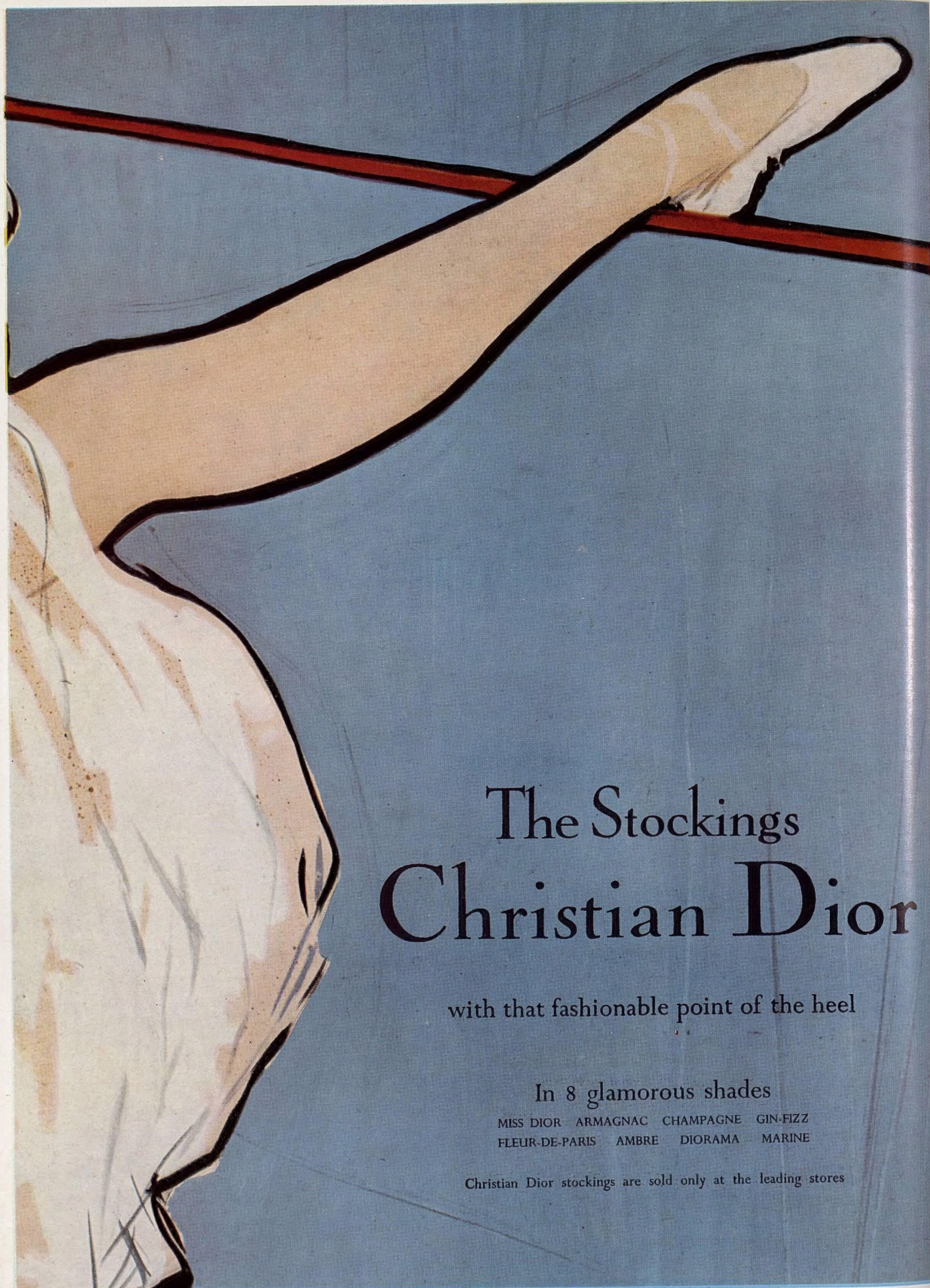


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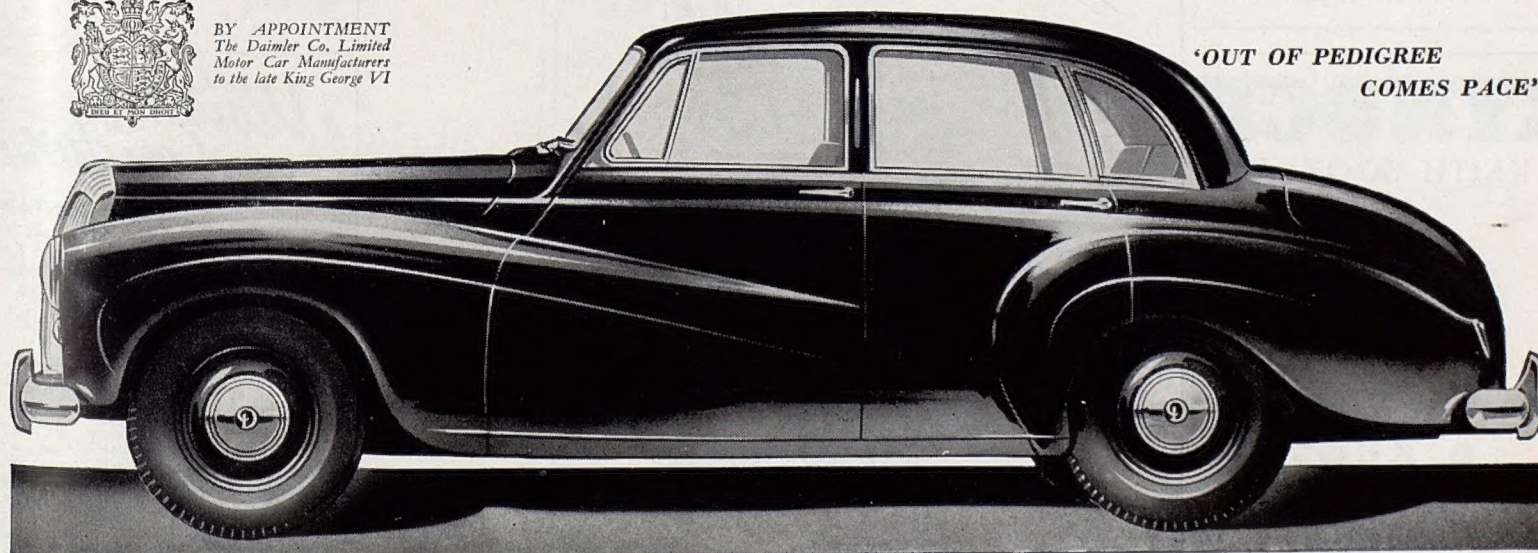
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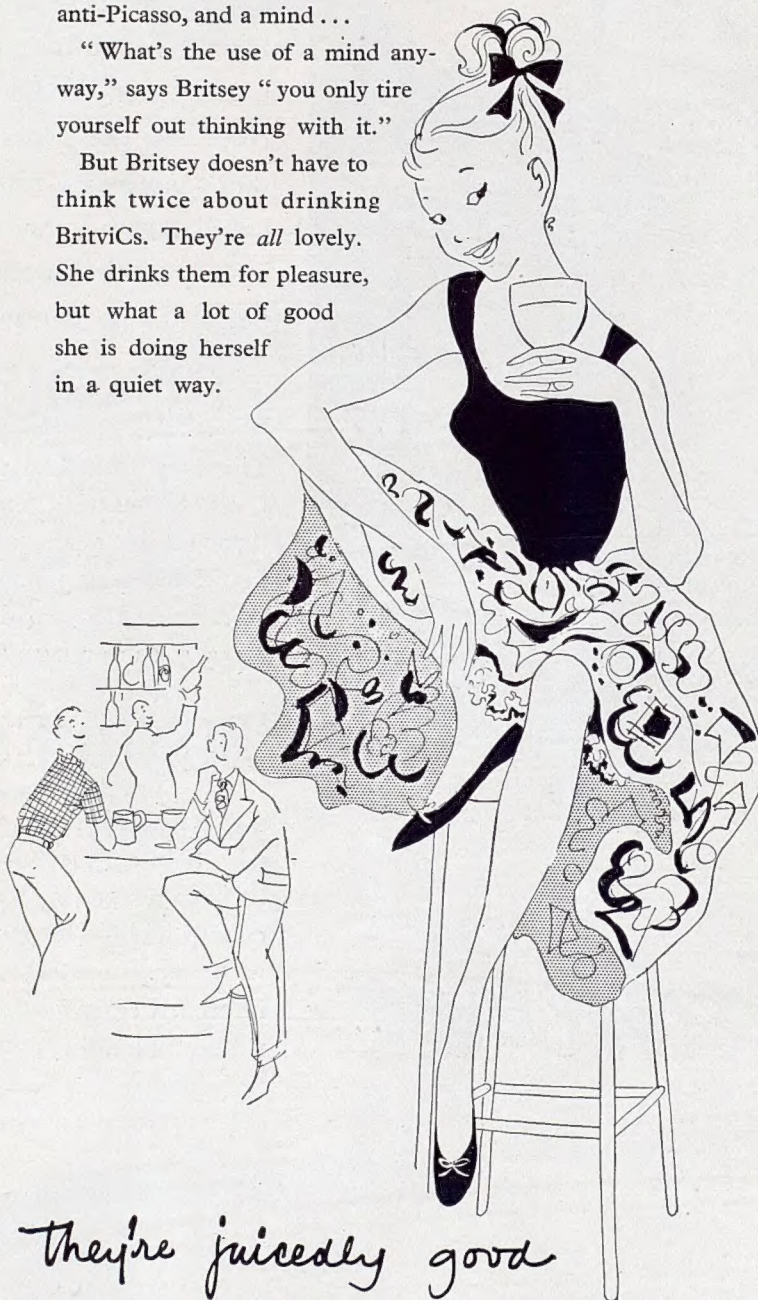
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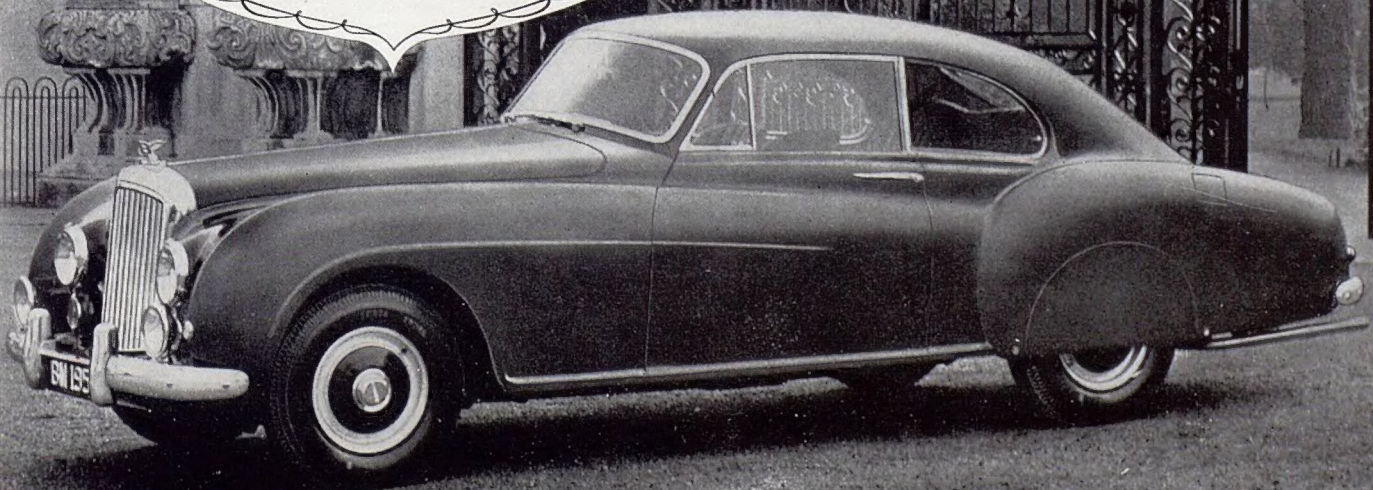
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SUPREME HONOUR FOR SIR WINSTON

KNIGHTS of the Garter, the most noble order of chivalry, gathered at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in the presence of the Queen, to receive into their ranks the Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill—an honour the nation profoundly acclaims. Here the new Knight of the Garter is standing, after the impressive installation ceremony, by the steps of the Chapel, where the Queen Mother is talking to the Duke of Gloucester



Tier on tier the crowded stands rose as the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh came driving down the course in the sunlight, drawn by the famous Windsor Greys. Her Majesty's pleasure at this happy augury on the first day of her own race meeting was manifest, and was shared by all there

JUNE'S FIRST SUNSHINE FOR ROYAL ASCOT

RACEGOERS SAW THE QUEEN
AT A BRILLIANT MEETING



Watching from the R.H.A. coach were Capt. P. R. Body, Mrs. Body, Miss Ann Selby and Mr. M. P. de C. O'Grady

ROYAL ASCOT opened (writes Jennifer) with all its traditional glory when the Queen, looking radiant in an orchid pink dress of wild silk, small rose-trimmed hat to match and stone-marten stole, drove up the course with the Duke of Edinburgh in an open landau drawn by the Windsor Greys. With them were the Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Beaufort. In the following carriages came the Queen Mother in a pale pink print, Princess Margaret in a grey printed silk dress, little white cap and blue mink cape, the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Gloucester, both in shades of beige, the Duchess of Kent in a white grosgrain coat and big white hat trimmed with scarlet chiffon, and Princess Alexandra in a primrose-yellow dress and hat.

★ ★ ★

MEMBERS of the Royal house party who drove in the procession were Lord Ogilvy, whose American-born wife was also staying at the Castle, Viscount Hambleden, Lord Porchester, the Hon. Michael Astor, Sir Eric Miéville and Mr. Mark Bonham-Carter. On arrival they joined other members of the Royal Family and friends in the Royal Box. These included Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, her daughter Lady May Abel Smith and two grand-daughters Anne and Elizabeth Abel Smith who were all greeted with a kiss by the Queen. Also Col. Sir Henry Abel Smith, Lady Patricia

Ramsay, the Duchess of Beaufort, Major Mark Milbank and Capt. Lord Plunket.

The Royal Enclosure was very full. Clothes on the whole were neat—black, navy blue and grey were the favoured choice, with a frequent dash of red. The tall, handsome Begum Aga Khan was, as often, outstandingly the best dressed, wearing a plain and beautifully cut grey chiffon dress with little grey straw cap and grey mink stole. In the Diplomatic Box I saw Madame Hägglöf wearing a large green tulle hat with a light brown dress, the Nepalese Ambassador and the Raneé Shanker, Mme. Wimmer and the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. Mendoza.

★ ★ ★

OTHERS in the Royal Enclosure on the opening day included the Countess of Rosebery talking to her son the Hon. Ronald Strutt—her husband had two winners during the afternoon—the Duchess of Norfolk accompanied by the Duke of Norfolk, Myra Lady Fox in brown talking to Sir Ronald Cross, Governor of Tasmania, and Lady Cross, the Lord Mayor and Lady Bowater enjoying a day's racing unofficially, Sir Denys Lawson talking to the Hon. Mrs. Philip Glover in black and white, Lady Newall and Lady Plender sitting together, Mr. David Keith and his lovely wife conversing with Lady Melchett and Señor Tristan de Avilés, Counsellor at the Ecuadorian Embassy.



Miss Valda Rogerson had come with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson



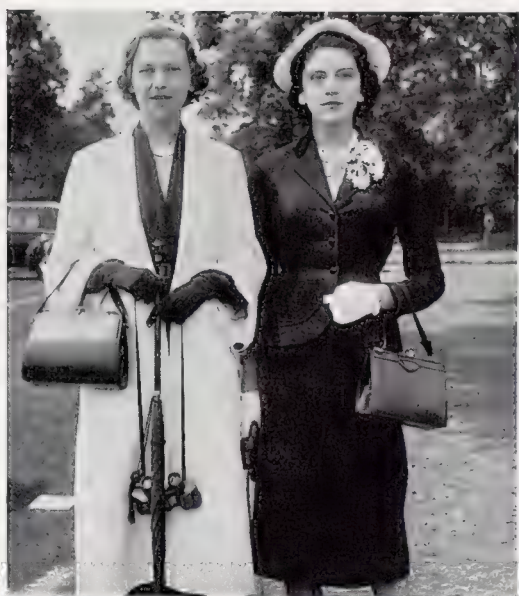
Lord Cornwallis, who is Lord Lieutenant of Kent, was on his way to the course with Lady Cornwallis



Brig. Roger Peake and Mrs. Peake were very pleased that their mackintoshes seemed unnecessary



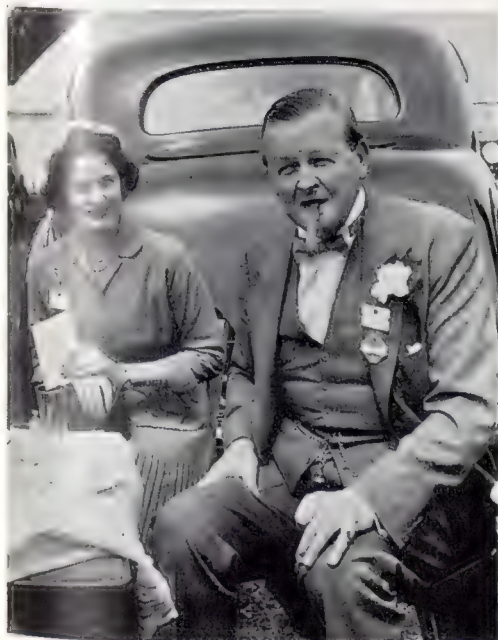
M. Valerie Woolland, from Cape Town, with Miss Felicity Thornehill and Mr. Anthony Woolland



Mrs. Eon Merry, wife of Lt.-Col. Eon Merry, late of the Blues, with her daughter Miss Davinia Merry



Major Hugo Waterhouse, Lord Buckhurst and Lady Caroline Waterhouse were amused by a forecast



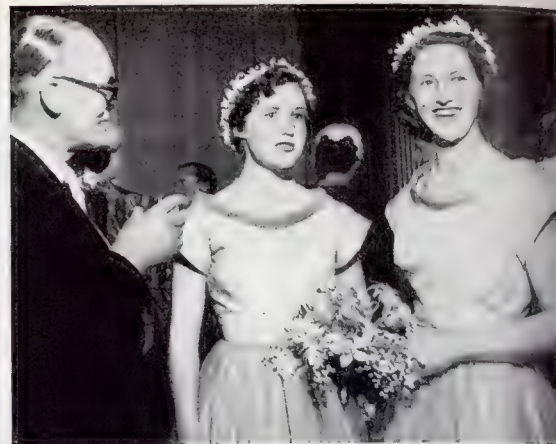
Picnic luncheon for the Marchioness of Blandford and her father-in-law, the Duke of Marlborough



All prepared to enjoy the day's programme were the Marchioness Townshend, Mrs. Alaric Russell, Sir Eric Bowater, the industrialist, Lady Bowater, Mr. Alaric Russell and the Marquess Townshend, down from Norfolk



The Hon. Derek Winn with his charming bride, formerly Miss Denise Loyd, as they waited amid banks of flowers to receive their guests after the wedding ceremony



Brig. W. G. Thompson with two of the bridesmaids, his daughter Miss Sheila Thompson, and Miss Jennifer Thompson

ST. MARGARET'S, Westminster, was the scene of one of the prettiest of the summer's weddings, that of the Hon. Derek Winn and Miss Denise Loyd. Afterwards a reception took place at Claridge's. Jennifer describes the occasion below

Social Journal

Jennifer

Pearls And Diamonds For The Bride

THE Hon. Derek Winn, younger son of Lord and Lady St. Oswald, and Miss Denise Loyd, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Loyd, of Oakhill, Isle of Wight, chose the unusual hour of 4 p.m. for their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and the reception at Claridge's did not begin until about 5.30. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a dress of pearl-coloured satin embroidered with seed pearls and diamanté; her long veil being held in place by a pearl bandeau. She also wore a beautiful diamond necklace.

HER attendants were a page, her nephew Martin Loyd, who wore mushroom pink satin trousers and a shirt to match, and six child and three grown-up bridesmaids who wore long dresses, in the same shade of mushroom pink, of silk net and organza. They were Henrietta Knight, Lavender Shepherd, Melissa and Jane Wyndham, Lady Catherine Chetwynd-Talbot and Lynn Redgrave. Also Miss Sheila Thompson, Miss Mary Warren and Miss Jennifer Thompson. Several hundred guests were at the reception, including many relatives of both families. The health of the young couple, to which the bridegroom replied, was proposed by Sir Charles

Oakeley, Bt., uncle of the bride, up from his home at Cranbrook, Kent. Shortly afterwards the bride and bridegroom left for their honeymoon in France.

I SHALL always remember being present at the first official engagement carried out alone by Princess Alexandra. She performed it with great charm, made her short speech in a clear, sincere voice, and met all who were presented to her with an easy, friendly manner. With the eagerness of youth she went round the exhibits and demonstrations for nearly an hour asking questions and taking the keenest interest in all she saw, which greatly pleased those in charge. Also, she frequently congratulated members of the Junior Red Cross on their ingenious methods of demonstrating how to deal with the many accidents that can occur both in the home and in the streets.

This happy and youthful occasion took place in St. James's Palace when Princess Alexandra went to see the work of the British Junior Red Cross, of which she became Patron in August, 1952, in succession to the Queen, who as Princess Elizabeth was the first Patron. The Princess, who looked very neat in her navy blue uniform and beret, was received on arrival by Lord Woolton, chairman of the Executive Committee of the B.R.C.S. In the

Throne Room, where she made her speech, the Princess was presented with the Patron's badge, of rubies and diamonds, by Miss Barbara Coke, Director of the Junior Red Cross, and soon after the presentation turned with pleasure to show the badge to her lady-in-waiting Lady Moyra Hamilton.

Boys and girls, smart in their uniforms, had come from many parts of England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland for this reception and inspection by the young Princess in these wonderfully impressive surroundings, the State Apartments lent by the Queen.

★ ★ ★

WEARING a white tulle dress with black velvet sash, Princess Margaret and many young friends attended the dance which the U.S. Ambassador and Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich gave recently at the American Embassy residence in Prince's Gate. These included Lady Rosanagh Crichton, Lady Rosemary Muir and her older sister Lady Caroline Waterhouse, Lord Porchester, Mr. Billy Wallace, the Hon. Colin Tennant, Miss Sharman Douglas, Miss Judy Montagu, and, of course, Miss Iris Peake, who was in attendance on Princess Margaret.

Dancing took place in the first-floor ballroom with adjacent rooms used for sitting out and supper downstairs. Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich had their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Homans, to help look after their guests, who also included the French Ambassador, the Spanish Ambassador, and three important American diplomats and their wives—Dr. Conant, the U.S. High Commissioner in Germany, Mr. David Bruce, until recently U.S. Ambassador in Paris and now Special U.S. Representative to the European Coal and Steel Community and Observer on the Interim Committee of the European Defence Community, and Mr. Douglas Dillon, the present U.S. Ambassador in Paris.

Other guests included the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the latter looking as always lovely and dancing with Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones, the Countess of Abingdon in a gold-embroidered dress dancing with Viscount Astor, the Hon. Robert and Mrs. Hudson, Viscount and Viscountess Waverley, Mr. "Chips" Channon, the Hon. Lady Monckton and Mrs. John Ward. Among the young marrieds were Viscount and Viscountess Norwich, the latter in a dress with a red velvet top and tulle skirt, Mr. and Mrs. John Lowther and Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray.

★ ★ ★

THE Richmond Royal Horse Show suffered the worst possible weather, torrential rain falling almost non-stop during the whole three days. By Saturday the big ring was a quagmire and some of the programme had to be



Among the many guests at the reception were Mr. and Mrs. Michael Clarke and Mr. Cyril Newton



A toast to the happy couple was drunk by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Haig Loyd



Other members of the family present were Capt. Peter Loyd, R.M., Mrs. P. Loyd and Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Loyd (right)

changed, as conditions were so bad. Riders in the hunter classes had an uncomfortable time, as not only did they get soaked, but it was nearly rock deep in mud in parts and therefore very slippery to gallop in, and they frequently had mud splashed in their eyes by the horses just in front.

These classes, in which the best show hunters in the country were competing, were judged by Lord Erwin and Lt.-Col. "Taffy" Walwyn. Prizewinners included the Duchess of Norfolk, who won the lightweight class on her Prince Prudent and second in the middleweight events on her Penny Royal. This was won by Mr. Haldin's Earmark, ridden by Count Orsich, and Earmark also won the Ladies class, ridden side saddle by Miss Davey, and was reserve champion to Mr. Cooper's Mighty Tom, which had earlier won the heavyweight trophy and the new Mighty Atom Challenge trophy presented by his owner, Mr. Cooper.

Ladies hunters were judged by Lady Grimthorpe and Lady Stanier.

OTHER winners at the show included Mrs. Mackintosh, who won the Hack championship on her good-looking brown hack, the Spirit, Miss James whose Oakwell Sir James, beautifully driven by Mrs. Haydon, beat Mr. Impton's famous little horse Bossy on the opening day, Sir Nigel Colman, whose Black Magic of Ark, driven by Mr. J. Black, won the Cama Cup, the Hackney Championship, and Miss Gay Bates, who won the Queen Mary Champion Cup for children's ponies riding Mrs. Coates's Kavora by Pretty Maid.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visited the show on the opening day and was received by the Earl of Athlone, president of the show. On the second day Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, brought Princess Sibylla of Sweden and her two daughters, Princess Margaretha and Princess

Birgitta, who, alas, saw the show in the worst possible conditions, but seemed thoroughly to enjoy it and stayed until nearly the end of the programme. Among the horse lovers I saw down there were the Duke of Beaufort, Earl Fortescue, Col. Sir Henry Abel Smith conversing with the beautiful Countess of Westmorland, Major and Mrs. "Copper" Blackett, Major Peter Borwick and Mr. Horace Smith.

Pictures of the show will be found on pp. 676-7.

★ ★ ★

"AFTER THE BALL," by Noël Coward, with superb décor by Doris Zinkeisen, received a great ovation on the opening night at the Globe Theatre. Among the audience were Rose Marchioness of Headfort sitting in the front row of the stalls, where many friends came to talk to her in the intervals, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks, and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller, who have moved into their Hill Street house in spite of the painters not having finished. Also Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, sitting next to Mrs. John Ward, whom I later saw talking to David Niven and his wife who was in emerald green. The Countess of Abingdon, very chic with a mink jacket over her black dress, Lady George Scott, and Mr. and Mrs. Beverley Baxter receiving many congratulations on his knighthood in the Queen's Birthday Honours, were also there.

★ ★ ★

COUNT AND COUNTESS PAUL MUNSTER, the Duke of Marlborough, his son-in-law Mr. Robin Muir, the Hon. John Norton, Sir Donald and Lady Horsefall, Sir Dingwell and Lady Bateson, and many other visitors flew over to

Le Touquet for the weekend by Morton Airways' Doves, from Croydon. Those visitors who went over on the Friday landed comfortably in forty minutes at Le Touquet. Passengers on Saturday morning were not so fortunate, as low cloud enveloped Le Touquet and after circling the aerodrome there, we were diverted to land at the new aerodrome at Calais, and made the remainder of our journey by road. The rest of our party had come across on Silver City's air ferry from Lympe with a car, so we were able to drive together. Those who had come without cars by Airkruse, as well as the other services, found buses and taxis to take them on. A honeymoon couple who landed in a Silver City plane at Calais Aerodrome before we left were Viscount and Viscountess Althorp, who were motoring on through France.

The big and comfortable Westminster Hotel at Le Touquet was packed for the weekend, as was the much smaller Le Manoir on the golf course and all the other hotels, and there was an air of gaiety everywhere, the Casino having more visitors on the Sunday night than at any time since the war. On one occasion, I heard from M. J. P. Abécassis, the president director-general, they ran short of fifty-mille plaques! Monsieur Abécassis, who served with the British forces under Earl Alexander of Tunis in North Africa and Italy, is deputizing for the great M. André, who owns the Casino at Cannes and Deauville and the three principal hotels at the latter.

LAST year M. André took over the controlling interest in the Le Touquet Casino, the Westminster Hotel and the Le Touquet race-course and one can already see the big improvement under his very experienced régime. The golf

[Continued overleaf]



At The First Night Of Noël Coward's Musical Play "After The Ball"
Arriving at the Globe Theatre for the performance were two enthusiastic theatregoers, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks



Among those present at a distinguished first night were the Dowager Marchioness of Headfort and Lord William Taylour



Lord Graves, whose son Peter took the part of Lord Windermere in the production, with Mrs. J. Garland



Preparing to receive their guests were Lady Luke, the Hon. Caroline Lawson-Johnston, Lord Luke and the Hon. Arthur Lawson-Johnston. Many young people enjoyed this most successful event, and were to be seen walking in the illuminated gardens as well as dancing

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

The Sporting Season At Le Touquet

course, which was playing well, was very full, too. Among those taking exercise on this picturesque course were Viscount Bruce of Melbourne, who with Viscountess Bruce was staying at the Westminster as were Sardar Malik, the Indian Ambassador in Paris, and his wife, whom I saw going round the course with Mr. Edward Bromley-Davenport and friends. When H.E. was up at Oxford some years ago it will be remembered he was awarded a golf blue. Another fine golfer completing two rounds each day was American Mr. Ted Bassett, who plays most of the winter in Florida and part of each summer at Biarritz. Elizabeth Viscountess Mountgarret, Count Paul Munster, Sir Adrian Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Orr, who had flown over from their home in Sussex, and Lord Essendon were also playing daily.

I WAS interested to hear that Mr. Vincent Stoneham, who like his father before him owned the golf course and Golf Hotel until it was bombed during the war, when he turned his private residence, Le Manoir, into a small hotel, has recently sold it to M. Dubay, who I was told plans to rebuild a bigger hotel and extend the golf course.

Capt. and Mrs. Gordon Kirkpatrick, back from South Africa for the summer, were among those I met in the Westminster, also Mrs. Jean Garland, Mr. and Mrs. Esmond Durlacher, and Mrs. Ronald

Bowes-Lyon and her daughter, Mrs. Myles Eadon. I was impressed by the number of young people who had come over for the weekend and were thoroughly enjoying themselves. Among these were Mr. Nicholas Akroyd, Mr. Mark Birley and his lovely wife, Lady Annabel Birley, Mr. Ian Cameron, Sir Thomas Pilkington, Mr. Spencer Le Marchant and Mr. Ted Troubridge. The two latter had flown over in their Miles Gemini. Another pilot of longer experience, who had also flown his own plane over for the weekend, was Mr. Donald Bennett, who has competed in our King's Cup.

The season at Le Touquet, which promises to be great fun this year, really reaches its height in July and August, during which time there will be racing (July 11, 14 and August 1), the Lawn Tennis Championships (July 16-19) and on the golf course the Prince of Wales Cup on July 25 and the Bucks Club weekend on July 31.

THREE of the most attractive girls making their début this year stood with their mothers at the top of the stairs to the ballroom at the Hyde Park Hotel, receiving the guests who came to their coming-out ball. They were Miss Anna Casey, daughter of Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Casey, who wore a dress of blue organza embroid-



Miss J. Hartigan was being entertained in a quiet corner by Mr. Robin Farquharson (left) and Lord Denham

A COMBINED DANCE at Hurlingham, given by Lord and Lady Luke, celebrated the coming of age of their eldest son and the début of their daughter. Jennifer describes it on page 674

ered with floral sprigs and a red sash, Miss Caroline Starkey, daughter of Sir William and Lady Starkey, who was in lavender tulle, and Miss Caroline York, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher York, whose crinoline was of pale green organza with folds of pink. Beautiful mixed flowers were arranged in all the rooms, and supper was served at candlelit tables in a room adjoining the ballroom.

So many hostesses gave their dinner parties in the restaurant of the hotel, that when the dance began a great number of the guests were there from the start and soon young couples were dancing happily. Among those who brought parties to this dance, one of the best London has seen so far this season, were Lady Kathleen Birnie, the Countess of Listowel, Lady Munro, Mrs. Curzon-Howe-Herrick, Mrs. Martin Lindsay and Lady Ursula Abbey.

Anna Casey's grandmother, Sybil Viscountess Monsell, was there and I met Lord Savile in great form after his visit to America, Major and Mrs. Victor Seely, who told me his daughter Victoria is being married next month, the Hon. John Denison-Pender, Mr. Simon Kimmins and Miss Sally Russell. Others there included Viscount Scarsdale, the Hon. Mary Stopford, Miss Sally Clive looking very pretty in mushroom-pink organza, Miss Fiona Munro dancing with Lord Colville, Miss Linda McNair Scott, who had her own coming-out dance in Carlton House Terrace which Princess Alexandra attended the following evening, Miss Anne Norton-Griffiths, Viscount Hereford and Miss Elizabeth Mackeson.

MR. WINTHIROP ALDRICH, the U.S. Ambassador, opened this year's Antique Dealers' Fair at Grosvenor House. After declaring the Fair open he went round with Mrs. Aldrich, looking at the many fine exhibits, escorted by Mr. J. Bernard Perret, chairman of the Fair, and Sir Charles Taylor, M.P. The previous night the Queen and Queen Mother had spent some time going round the stands. The Queen has lent an eighteenth-century sedan chair used by Queen Charlotte, and the Queen Mother a pair of Battersea enamel tea caddies.

Space does not permit me to describe many of the lovely pieces of furniture, silver, china, glass, pictures or antique jewellery, but there were many exquisite things to be bought. Going round I saw the Countess of Abingdon admiring an antique



Wearing a charming crinoline gown, Lady Marina Murray was chatting to Mr. Everard de Lisle (left) and Mr. Peter Wise



Sharing a table for the evening were Mr. John Starey, Miss Juliet Johnstone, Miss Anne Davidge, Mr. Preston Mostyn-Prichard, Miss M. Thompson-McCausland and Mr. H. Starey

uff box, Viscountess Ednam, chic in black, very interested in a mahogany kidney-shaped sitting table on Randolphs' stand, Mr. Peter was looking at exhibits with the eye of a connoisseur, Mrs. Roger Hall with her mother Lady Heeler, who has some lovely pieces in her home, and Mrs. Derek Mullins with Mrs. Peter Morton. Others there were Lord Morris, just back from America, Sir Alfred Bosson, M.P., admiring some of the pieces on the Mallett of Bath stand, Lady Jane Fummi talking to Mrs. Sassoon, and Mr. and Mrs. Esmond Durlacher, who had just bought an exquisite diamond spray brooch, exhibited by J. Phillips of New Bond Street.

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THE Guards' Boat Club made a splendid setting for the joint coming-out dance given by Mrs. Michael O'Dwyer, Mrs. Percy Illingworth and Mrs. Norman Ireland-Smith for their daughters Miss Sally O'Dwyer, Miss Janet Illingworth and Miss Gillian Ireland-Smith. The three girls looked enchanting, Sally wearing a pale yellow organza crinoline with mixed flowers peeked in the décolletage, Janet in an exquisite dress of pale pink organza made with a petalled crinoline, embroidered with crystals, and Gillian in a white sprigged organza dress with a full skirt.

The ballroom was decorated with iris, lupins and other summer flowers, and fairylights hung along the veranda, in the trees, on the lawn and by the river's edge. It was a lovely picture to see so many young girls in their pretty ball dresses strolling on the lawns with their escorts between dances. A few also went on the river in the club boats later in the evening.

Supper was served in the big marquee adjoining the ballroom, which is used annually for the Guards' Boat Club event in Ascot week, and Mr. Michael O'Dwyer, Mr. Percy Illingworth and Mr. Norman Ireland-Smith were all present, looking after their guests.

NUMEROUS dinner parties were given for the dance and the three joint hostesses gave one at the club, their guests including the Hon. Mary Stopford, who is one of the most popular débutantes this season, and is not only slim and pretty but also has outstandingly good manners, Miss Susan Murray, Lady Rose Mackay, Miss Gillian Andreae and Col. Sir Henry and Lady May Abel Smith's very pretty younger daughter Elizabeth and her brother Richard. Other young men in the party included Mr. Clement Mitford, Mr. Peter Diggle, Mr. Tom Micklem, Mr. Anthony Wallace Turner and Lord Colville. Those I saw dancing included Miss Juliet Ormiston and her cousins Belinda Gold, a débutante this year, and Mary Illingworth, who officially makes her début next year. The latter looked youthful and sweet in a ballet-length white organza dress. Also there

[Continued overleaf]



A serious topic was discussed by Mr. Oliver Barnes, in company with Miss Jean Boulnois



Miss Caroline Erskine sat with Mr. Peter Philipps, who struck a new note with a buttonhole lupin



Mr. Cob Stenham had just asked Miss Philippa Montgomerie to accompany him in a slow foxtrot



Among the guests who had come to offer congratulations were Capt. John Hutton and Miss Faith Graham

Swache

Social Journal (Contd.)

Sister Who Waited

were Lady Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune, Miss Deris Kemble, Miss Gay Pinckney, Mr. Peter Stormonth-Darling, Capt. Andrew Mayes, Miss Angela Doxford and Mr. Graham Turner Laing and his sister Heather, looking very pretty in a white dress sprigged with red.

Heather, who came out last year, was meeting many friends she had not seen for a long time, as she has only just returned from a six-month stay in Australia with Sir Dallas and Lady Brooks at Government House, Melbourne, where she had a wonderful time. She was there for the Royal visit, a memorable event for any young girl.

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ON the same night as this dance at Maidenhead, Lord and Lady Luke gave one at Hurlingham to celebrate the coming of age of their eldest son, the Hon. Arthur Lawson-Johnston, and for their daughter, the Hon. Caroline Lawson-Johnston, who looked sweet in pale green organza with a very full pleated skirt and spray of white flowers. She really came out last year, but waited to share her dance with her brother. Here again, fairy lights lit up the gardens and it was just fine enough for guests to stroll about between dances.

Among dinner party hostesses were several whose daughters also came out last season, among them Lady Howard de Walden, who gave a memorable coming-out ball at Hurlingham last summer for the Hon. Hazel Scott-Ellis, Lady Hyde, the Countess of Mansfield, Mrs. Terence Maxwell and the Countess of Malmesbury. Others with débutante daughters this year included Lady May Abel Smith, Lady Mary Stuart-Walker, Lady Norton Griffiths, Lady Child, Mrs. Anthony Barclay, and Lord Luke's sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Lawson-Johnston, who only has very young daughters. Among the young people enjoying themselves were Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, Lady Lily Serena Lumley, Miss Anne Norton-Griffiths, Miss Caroline Starkey, Mr. Peter Dawnay, Viscount Glentworth and a lovely French débutante, Mlle. Athénais de Mortemart, who is staying with Lady Mary Stuart-Walker and her daughters Ione and Helia Stuart-Walker, who are over from Spain and spending the season in London.

★ ★ ★

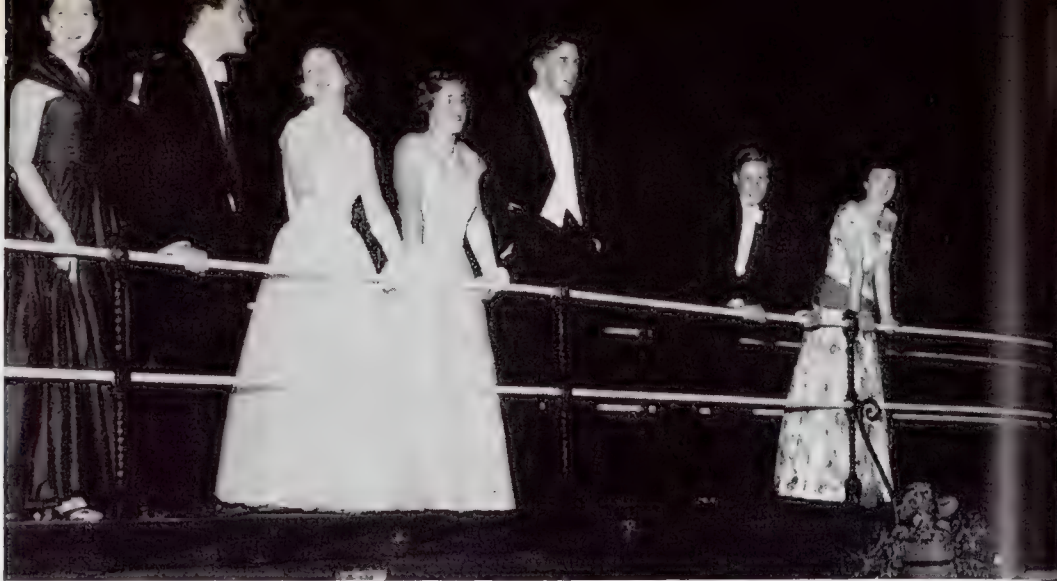
EVERY year the Hampshire Branch of the British Red Cross is fortunate in being lent some lovely private house for its annual summer ball. This year Lady Smiley, chairman of the County Appeals Committee, which is organizing the ball, tells me that Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Vincent Paravicini have kindly lent their charming home, Upton House, Old Alresford, for the event, which is on Saturday, July 3. They have a beautiful garden, too, so it is to be hoped it will be a fine night. Tickets for this very good dance can be obtained from Lady Smiley, Ivalls, Bentworth, Alton, Hampshire.

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LADY TRUSTRAM EVE is chairman, with Mrs. Warren Pearl as deputy chairman, of the Purple Cross Ball which is to take place at Hurlingham Club on July 6. This is being organized in aid of the Ex-Services Welfare Society, of which Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is a patron. The hard-working Minister of Labour, Sir Walter Monckton, has very gallantly promised to help this good cause by becoming the honorary treasurer. Tickets for the ball may be had from Lady Trustram Eve, 79 Davies Street, Mayfair, W.1.

★ ★ ★

H.H. PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE is patron, and the Duke of Beaufort president, of the Eton Beagles Ball to be held at the Dorchester on July 9. This is always a very gay party, and this year promises to be better than ever, with a first-class cabaret, a tombola and sideshows. For tickets apply to Miss P. Lowsley-Williams, The Manor Farm, Chavenage, Tetbury, Glos.



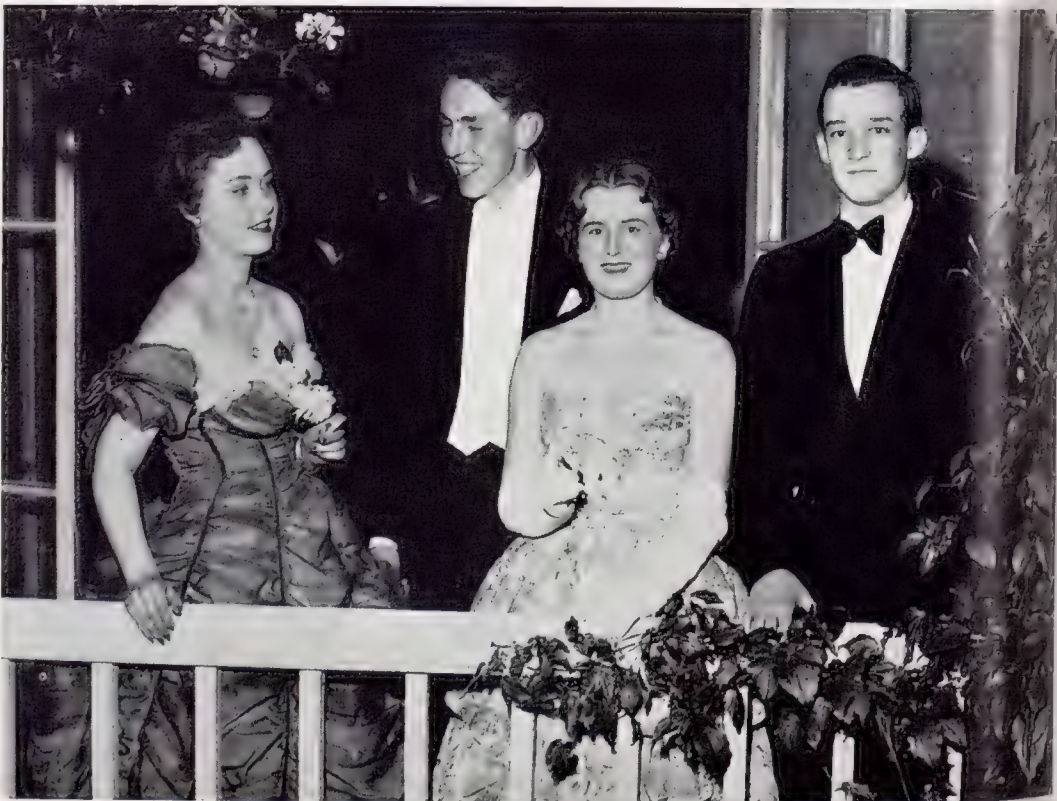
On the ornamental bridge, waiting for boating parties to return, were Miss Barbara Smith, Sub-Lt. Peter Broadbent, R.N., Miss Sheelagh Bell, Miss Susan O'Dwyer, Sub-Lt. Graham Rodger, R.N., Mr. T. G. Orr and Miss J. P. Riddle



On the veranda Miss Belinda Maclean was chatting with Mr. Tom Garnier

RIVERSIDE DÉBUT FOR THREE

ONE of the most delightful coming-out parties of the season took place at the Guards Boat Club, Maidenhead, when a ball was given for Miss Sally O'Dwyer, Miss Gillian Ireland-Smith and Miss Janet Illingworth. Guardsmen in scarlet and bearskins directed the 300 guests to the ballroom. Supper was served at midnight in a huge marquee, and parties went boating on the Thames



Debating whether to stroll in the grounds or go on the river, were Miss Catherine Cave-Brown-Cavé, Mr. Andrew Paterson, Miss Shirley Tyler and Mr. Christopher Coe



While taking refreshment Mr. Desmond Prior and Mr. Peter Gardiner talked with Miss Maureen Trendell



Mr. David Dyer and Miss Carol Gray were walking in the grounds, which were lit with fairylights



A charming picture was presented by the three débutantes whose great evening it was. Miss O'Dwyer, Miss Ireland-Smith and Miss Illingworth were waiting here to receive the guests

At The Pictures

SLEUTH IN A CASSOCK

A FILM starring Alec Guinness is an occasion. A film based on G. K. Chesterton's Father Brown stories is another occasion. The two are combined this week and the result, the film *Father Brown*, is by and large worthy of the double occasion.

The plot is an elaboration of the story in which the priceless Early Christian cross is stolen by the French master-thief Flambeau. Father Brown appoints himself to the task of recovering not so much the cross, as the soul of Flambeau—a task which often sets him at cross-purposes with Scotland Yard and his Bishop. By a combination of innocence and artfulness which only Chesterton and Guinness could concoct, he succeeds.



Father Brown (Alec Guinness) appears pleased with his swag

Guinness plays the clerical sleuth with a humble authority which transcends, as it has to, the wild improbabilities of the story. For Chesterton's literary whimsy does not translate easily to the realism of the cinema.

Who better than Guinness could portray the mixture of piety and worldliness that is Father Brown? He seems to do it all with a few economical movements of mouth and eyes. And who but Guinness could make one believe that an elderly parish priest could have such adventures? Without him, one feels, the film would fall to bits with a tinkling of paradox and epigram. With him, and through his skill principally, it becomes a film.

Joan Greenwood is there largely, I imagine, because there has to be a woman. As such, and that is all that is called for, she is most decorative. Peter Finch makes an admirable shot at turning Flambeau into a credible flesh-and-blood personality. There is fine work from Cecil Parker as the Bishop, Bernard Lee as a Detective-Inspector and Noel Howlett and Sidney James. Ernest Thesiger's performance as an elderly aristocrat in a scene with Guinness will remain with me for ever.

FOR those who like to escape to the jungle in good company I recommend *Below The Sahara*, record of the latest safari of those tireless film explorers Armand and Michaela Denis. There are all the jungle characters now familiar to filmgoers—elephants, rhinos, hippos, crocodiles, leopards, giraffes, and so on. There are the usual thrills—elephants fighting for a mate, a rhinoceros charge—and other and new ones. But there is something more: the Denises' enthusiasm which communicates itself. One joins the expedition and partakes of its triumphs, striking somehow a vicarious blow for science. Most exciting episode is a net hunt for gorillas and, most beautiful, the weird ballet of the pelicans.

WHEN one adds up the hazards faced by Victor Mature and Piper Laurie in *Dangerous Mission* the title is almost slanderous understatement. They include night club gun-play, an avalanche, a forest fire, a power cable break, a fall from a precipice, a homicidal redskin, and an armed gangster with whom Mr. Mature and Miss Laurie conduct a running gun-fight across a treacherous glacier to victory and, one hopes, some peace at last.

It is a rumbustious thriller set in the splendid scenery of Montana's National Park, to which Miss Laurie has foolishly repaired for a quiet time. Unfortunately, she is key witness in a murder trial. The murderers send a gunman (Vincent Price) to kill her. But policeman Mature is there, too. This quite tense situation is eased in the violent manner outlined above.

— Dennis W. Clarke

"RICHMOND SPIRIT" SURVIVED THE RAIN

A HISTORY of more than half a century has given the Royal Richmond Horse Show a strong constitution which can largely discount weather hazards. Although rain poured malevolently for much of the three days of this year's show, the record entry was displayed before large crowds with but slight alteration of programme. Jennifer describes it on pages 670-1



Among the greatly appreciated Royal visits to the Show were those of Princess Sibylla of Sweden, who was accompanied by her daughters Princess Margaretha and Princess Birgitta



Sir Nigel Colman, Bt., one of whose entries won the harness horse championship, was here with Lady Colman



Mr. Horace Smith, the vice-chairman, talking to the President of the show, the Earl of Athlone



Mr. F. C. Cornell, Director, with the Mayoress of Richmond, Mrs. J. Dade, and her mother-in-law the Mayor, Ald. L. Dade



Mr. A. G. S. Easterbrook, Miss Mariegold Curzon-Herrick and her mother, Mrs. A. P. Curzon-Herrick



Storms could not damp the pleasure of Marion Davis at coming third in a children's pony class on Peter Pan



A huge bowl suitable for either (a) pudding or (b) hay was won by Virginia Booth-Jones, aged eight, who, with her mount, won the Royal Star Challenge Bowl for ponies not exceeding 12.2 hands. Capt. H. C. Blyde, M.C., vice-president, is handing it to her



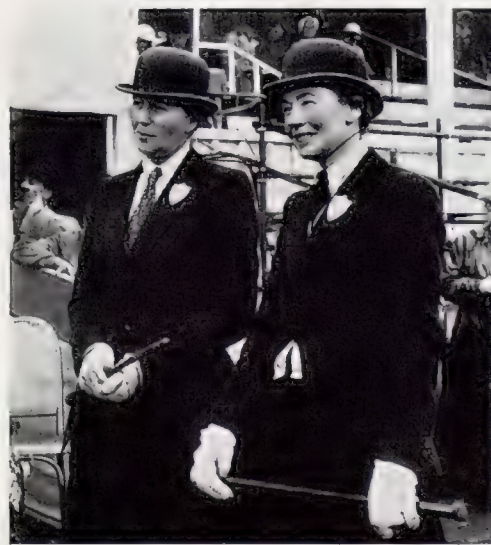
Countess Fortescue, Col. Phipps Hornby and Earl Fortescue were talking over some of the results



Miss Ann Spiller from Surrey, and Miss Dallas Wheatcroft from Middlesex, waiting for an event to start



Sir Noël Bowater, Lord Mayor of London, presents the Cecil Aldin Cup to Miss Jenny Bullen on Royal Show



Lady Grimthorpe and Lady Stanier, who judged the ladies' hunters, were here assessing the merits of an outstanding exhibit

AT THE RACES

Pace That Cracks

• Sabretache •

THIS year's Derby, as we know, was run at a cracking pace from start to finish, only two seconds outside Mahmoud's record. The speed was quite justified, because, of course, the object of the opposition was to sew up Darius, the very speedy favourite, and this it managed to do more or less. However, these tactics did not entirely succeed, and they showed us that not only does that good-looking colt stay a lot better than the majority of people were prepared to believe, but that his trainer, Harry Wragg, was quite right in saying that he would get the distance.

We all know that saying about a jockey's tip being usually the worst in the world! Well, this may be the exception which proves that rule. Anyway, nothing would have beaten the almost formless Never Say Die on that day.

The hard ground was blamed for the failure of some of the leading characters, Rowston Manor and Landau amongst them. In the case of the former, perhaps, but he is not the right type for Epsom, and may be much more comfortable at Doncaster. At the same time I do not believe that either he or Darius will win the Leger. As for Landau, he folded his tent a bit earlier than his best friends expected, but he did take part in the great mêlée much more enthusiastically than many of his detractors expected him to do.

J. LAWSON, who trained the winner, could not have done a better job on him but he, like the owner, the jockey, young Lester Piggott, and many thousand others were a bit flabbergasted.

Only one prophet mentioned the winner's name as a very long shot, our friend "Warren Hill" of Newmarket. I did not notice anybody else having any very pronounced ideas about him, though we were told, as usual, that the locals backed him and gave some of the bookies a bad stinging up. However, we have heard this story before many times, and so we must take it for whatever it may be worth. With regard to young Lester Piggott, who did everything right and nothing wrong, he has everything in his pedigree which should make a good jockey; his grandfather Ernest married a daughter of Tom Cannon, father of "Morny" and "Kemmy," and little Lester's mother was a Rickaby; and so race riding is very much in the blood. If Lester is eventually compelled by increasing weight to turn over to jumping, he has plenty of the right stuff in him from his grandfather, who rode three Grand National winners. He has all the necessary dash and courage, and the combative spirit—perhaps a little bit too fully developed.

ALL loyal subjects of the Crown were naturally delighted to see Her Majesty's jacket in front practically all the way in the Coronation Cup. Aureole behaved as if he had never done anything wrong in his life. Of course he had a very easy race of it, because nothing came near him and he led nearly all the time. Hope ran high that we should see a second royal victory in the Oaks, but it was not to be, for Angel Bright, who was backed very consistently, has a long suit which is very short of a mile and a half. She never was in the race with a chance, and it was France all the way.

Sometimes we may think that we see a future Leger winner in the Oaks when the "fillies month" comes round in September, but good as these French ladies were, I do not believe that we did this time.





RESCUE THE PERISHING. The arrival of Mrs. Erylnne (Mary Ellis) in the nick of time gives the Duchess of Berwick (Irene Browne) and Lord Windermere (Peter Graves), furiously to think, and wrings an anguished cry from the overburdened heart of Lady Windermere (Vanessa Lee)

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations
by Emmwood

At the Theatre

"After The Ball" (Globe)

VERY likely Mr. Noël Coward was attracted to *Lady Windermere's Fan* as a good subject for light operatic treatment. He may, on the other hand, have been enamoured from the first of the chances given by the story for a gentle burlesque of Victorian notions of human nature at its most DeBrettable. Whatever he may have intended has obviously turned under his hand into something else. The suspense of the author as to what his play is turning into becomes as the evening proceeds almost unbearable.

The uneasy mixture as we have it is best enjoyed if accepted from the outset not as a musical commentary by Coward on Wilde (something that might have become a blaze of wit) nor as Wilde refreshed for the modern stage by sentimental airs and ingeniously pattering lyrics, but simply as a quite pleasant yet somehow old-fashioned musical comedy which happens to make free with the melodramatic fatuities of Wilde's plot and the brilliance of Wilde's epigrams.

It was by no means easy for the first-night audience to get the proper hang of the thing, and by pitching their expectations too high they missed a lot of innocent fun. They were misled by the opening scene. Here were the ladies and gentlemen of the nineties—dressed by Miss Doris Zinkeisen with an everyday elegance which made a comparison of their style with our own a most wounding thing—parading the park and crying out to each other with a lively consciousness of their place in history, "Oh, what a century it has been!"

NATURALLY enough we took this pronounced self-consciousness for an indication that Mr. Coward was launched on a burlesque of Victorianism. For Wilde, though in this play he half mocked and half flattered society, took society quite seriously. He was already one of its more shining lights and saw nothing fundamentally absurd in its accepted conventions. But no sooner had we got ready to enjoy a burlesque than we found Mr. Coward plunging into the story of the play. We heard Lord and Lady Windermere singing a song of perfect conjugal felicity, Lord Darlington hinting at his love for Lady Windermere and receiving no encouragement from the lady, and the Duchess of

Berwick confiding with gay irresponsibility in Windermere's wife that Windermere's liaison with the notorious Mrs. Erylnne had by now become the talk of the town.

THIS was the story with a vengeance; and it was twice interrupted. Once to allow Mr. Hopper to explain to the incredulous English the drolleries of Australian life which the natives apparently take as a matter of course, the second time for a quartet dwelling with mocking gusto on the absurdities of Victorianism. The shattering of the Windermere idyll made a good curtain, with poor Lady Windermere singing now with infinite sadness of that "sweet day" which but a little while ago she was extolling with rapture.

But the audience by this time hardly knew whether they were supposed to be laughing at Wilde or at Victorianism. This confusion persisted, indeed it deepened through the second act where the melodrama of a divorced wife rescuing a daughter who does not know her from a similar fate clearly asked for music a great deal more expressive than Mr. Coward had written. It also became plain that the epigrams spouted in the intervals between songs were losing their known potency, and even the excellent definition of a cynic, "A man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing", went for nothing. However, there were compensations, songs which had the authentic Coward touch.



THE ELITE of Belgravia foregather for gossip in the persons of Tom Gill and Dennis Bowen

IT was only the final scene which made the audience realize that the whole thing should have been taken in the spirit of musical comedy. Everybody perked up and the applause at the final curtain was a sort of retrospective recognition that lurking amidst the confusion there had been many enjoyable things. The parts have not been impeccably cast, but Miss Irene Browne is delightful as the Duchess, Miss Patricia Cree as the daughter makes a distinct success, Miss Vanessa Lee sings *Lady Windermere* deliciously and Miss Mary Ellis acts Mrs. Erylnne with all possible impressiveness. Among the men Mr. Graham Payn gives the most adequate performance.



"Lover's meeting" on the green lawns outside King's College Chapel was between Beatrice (Miss Monica Beament), Benedick (Mr. James Ferman, King's, the producer), Hero (Miss Dudy Foulds, Newnham) and Claudio (Mr. John Hopkins, St. Catherine's)

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING" was performed at King's College, Cambridge, by the University Actors during May Week celebrations. The play was staged in the Provost's Garden, and the excellent acting was enhanced by this unusual setting



At a pre-performance cocktail party were Mr. Michael Bakewell (King's), Miss Joan Rowlands (Newnham) and Mr. Michael Mayne (Corpus Christi)



The dress rehearsal was discussed by Miss Wendy Thompson (Newnham) and Mr. D. Beves, a don of the University, in whose rooms the party was held

London Linelight



Visionary preview of Ann Todd and Paul Rogers in *Macbeth*

A Winter Of Contentment

THE OLD Vic's plans for next season are still in the melting-pot stage, but among their fixed stars will be Ann Todd and Paul Rogers, who will open their away match in Edinburgh with *Macbeth* on August 23rd.

This will be the first play of their London season, due in mid-September. After this John Neville and Virginia McKenna take their places in the company, probably in *Richard II*. This quartet will form the backbone of the winter team.

In the meantime the theatre is "dark," a matter which only the subsidised enterprises can afford, and infested with scaffolding, whilst the grid supporting the scenery when it is "flown" (i.e., lifted out of sight) is strengthened, the ventilation system is improved and the domestic lifts overhauled.

If the hard drink bar prices, which are West End, and the "you're here for culture, so be humble" atmosphere could be eliminated at the same time, it would also be advantageous.

THE Ballet Rambert, briefly at Sadler's Wells, are a hard-working and (I suspect) sometimes overworked company. Their presentations are not helped by an orchestra of Palm Court accomplishment and an indifferent use of the lighting panel. But after this carping it is proper to emphasise that this is one of the very few English ballet ensembles now in existence, and that in Beryl Goldwyn they have a young lady who is both a dancer and a personality. Mme. Rambert herself is one of the great and remarkable figures of this age of dancing, who might well be suspected of having been created originally by a good modern novelist, but when she mixes gawky choreography with ragged production she loses the thistledown which is the truest simple of her realm.

HENRY SHEREK is a brave man. He has acquired the rights of André Roussin's *Lorsque L'enfant Parait*, a most successful continental farce still running after three years in Paris. The plot concerns a French minister, in and out of office, and his inadvertent efforts, together with those of his family, to increase the birth-rate, or to decrease it according to the dictates of politics. At least one pregnancy will be eliminated from the story, I am assured, but a great number remain and to walk delicately among this assembly of ladies will provide problems for the adaptor. He or she is as yet unchosen. Miss Nancy Mitford is an obvious selection after her brilliance in *The Little Hut*. So, of course, is Robert (Hippo) Morley, with William Douglas Home and Lucienne Hill as distinguished alternatives.

—Youngman Carter



FIRST SLICE OF CAKE is handed by bride to bridegroom at the wedding reception at Claridges of Mr. Geoffrey Akroyd and his wife, formerly Miss Penelope Berens. The ceremony had taken place at St. James's, Spanish Place. Mr. Akroyd is the second son of Mr. Geoffrey Akroyd, of Hayley Green Farm, Warfield, Bracknell, Berks, and the late Mrs. Akroyd, and the bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Berens, of Bentworth Hall, Alton, Hants.

Talk Around the Town



"Where do we go from here?" Taking their bearings at the reception were the bridegroom's niece and nephews, Melissa Milne and her twin brothers Christopher and Andrew

EDINBURGH to-day must be the most buoyant city in these islands. I have known it otherwise. Such events as Ascot, Trooping the Colour and the highlights of the social season of the south, it views with an air of tolerant patronage. For do not the Queen and the Queen Mother, indeed the whole family, hurry back through (or over) Edinburgh at every opportunity they have of returning to their real home?

And is not the whole world waiting impatiently for what artistic treats Edinburgh cares to offer at its annual festival?

Such was an impression that one man gained during a week-end in a city which Sir Compton Mackenzie declares to be one of the last refuges of those interested in the dying art of conversation, and now has made his home.

I went north well primed with talk. At lunch in Vincent Square I had heard three extremely good speakers giving of their best while the rain outside the tent slowly soaked the pitch on which the

Authors were trying to play their annual match against the National Book League.

Sir Norman Birkett has always been a good talker, but he displayed on this day no trace of that note of doubting sarcasm which he shared with Sir Patrick Hastings when he was an advocate and had yet to ascend to the Bench.

THEN there was Sir Ian Jacob.

One always thinks of the B.B.C. as playing safe and saying nothing in particular that would displease. I fancy its Director-General must be quite a trial inside the B.B.C. at times. In the good Cockney phrase, he knows how to "come the acid."

Then there was the ubiquitous, the inevitable Mr. G—t H—g. What a brilliant speaker he is at his best! He has it all: the air of spontaneity, the wit, the timing and the erudition. Also the air of one who will probably say something he shouldn't.

Much emphasis was laid by everyone on the "English" character of cricket. All the literature on the game is essentially "English."

It has little appeal for either the Irish, the Welsh or the Scots.

I found myself in Edinburgh plunged into the very middle of what might seem to some the paramount interest of the Scots. Sir Compton Mackenzie, who knows well how to suit his words to the mood of any occasion, was unveiling something of a monument to this interest.

I gazed at it with awe.

It had the look of a tanker-lorry made of aluminium. A man with the hat-badge of H.M. Customs was also looking at it. And no wonder, for the tanker contained 2000 gallons of whisky.

"That is about £30,000 worth," confided the Customs. "And £20,000 of it comes to us fellows."

What a prize for hi-jackers! I wonder the Gilbeys dare christen it "Whisky Galore I."

AFTER coming down by road from Aberdeen, the whisky is bottled in the heart of Edinburgh—and then whisked off to the United States. Even to one who seldom drinks whisky it seems a sad fate in prospect when you see it being bottled at the rate of 300 dozen bottles an hour.

Sir Will Darling, another clever speaker with a good comic strain, told me that he had been passing the front of these bottling premises all his life, but, doubtless from some boyhood impression, had always imagined that they were a convent.

★ ★ ★

So Windsor is not, after all, going to have its pleasure gardens modelled on the Tivoli in Copenhagen, because the local eighty-eight publicans have protested and the bureaucrats fought shy of "pagodas, beer gardens, restaurants, flower-beds, pergolas, and a bird garden" by the side of the Thames.

Ever since I was a boy I seem to have been hearing about these Tivoli pleasure gardens in Copenhagen. So with the varying fortunes of our own Battersea gardens in mind—for they also took Tivoli as a model—I was all the more interested to pay my first visit to the Danish capital's famous playground the other week.

I was not disappointed.

It was a warm evening at dusk. The first impression was that the Champs Elysées, in the days when Yvette Guilbert sang at Les Ambassadeurs under the chestnut trees, must have been much like this. The

TRAVELLERS

BORE

Little Poppletoes has been a
Little trip to Pontresina.
Now we'll hear for evermore
"When I was there in fifty-four..."

TRUE BLUE

Be British, sir! Insist upon
Your morning bath and all mod. con.
Speak English only. When in Rome
Do always as you do at home.

NE PAS SE PENCHER AU DEHORS

"He would lean out," the widow said.
"A passing train removed his head."
Let not compassion cloud our day—
He never used it, anyway.

—Eric Chilman

impression of having stepped back into the 'nineties was heightened by the pavilions and restaurants being picked out in little electric lights, while the trees were festooned with Chinese lanterns and the glowing globes one used to see in the Prater, in Vienna.

The gardens are much smaller than I had imagined—perhaps the same size as Battersea, or little bigger than the area of Berkeley Square joined to Grosvenor Square. Make it the Green Park, and you have some idea of their central position in the city.

Yet nothing was so impressive as the demeanour of the people. They were *strolling*. Not rushing about untidily, not shouting, yet obviously happy and in high spirits.

But the miracle was that all the paths and terraces, where people sat with their drinks and chatted, were swept and clean—at nine o'clock in the evening. No newspapers trailed underfoot, no ice-cream boxes were being kicked around, no cigarette cartons had been thrown on the grass or in the lakes.

It may have been an exceptional evening—I like to think it as always being like this. And that never have 16 tons of litter ever been swept up after one day in Tivoli, as happened recently in our own St. James's Park.

★ ★ ★

It is said that the passing of the sea-going midshipman is due to the need to give him more technical education. Just exactly what this means I cannot discover.

I can only speak for forty years ago, when the rank of midshipman was only achieved by some three years of intensely technical education, ranging in my case with a good part of those years spent in engineering shops, working from the lathe to the drawing office, the boilermakers to the patternmakers, the moulders to the engine fitters. If I remember nothing else in life, I will have imprinted on my brain the drawings of a Babcock and Wilcox water-tube boiler.

Although the gyroscopic compass was there to help even then, this was no concern of budding midshipmen. And the number of vessels I have lost (on paper) between that wretched Lundy Island light and Ushant would bankrupt Lloyd's.

They also say that the Gunroom will be a thing of the past, but must young officers go straight into the Wardroom when they first go to sea?

Will there be no refuge from the attentions of the most unloved man on board, who is, of course, the Commander?

The sad truth is that the Royal Navy of the future will consist either of very large floating aerodromes or very small and crowded frigate and corvette types.

★ ★ ★

THE time was twenty minutes to four, the day was Sunday and the train approaching Liverpool Street Station when I discovered that it had a restaurant car attached—a secret which had been carefully hidden from travellers in my compartment.

I sat down and pressed a bell. Nothing happened. So I went out into the pantry.

"Can I have a lager, please?" I said.

"Bit late, isn't it?" was the reply.

"This is a tea car; anyway, you'll be in London in ten minutes."

"That is why I want a lager," I said.

And, resentfully, they unlocked a cupboard and slowly served me the drink with which I was going to mitigate arrival at the awful hour of four on a hot and rainy Sunday afternoon in—of all the infernal termini in the world—Liverpool Street.

I am sure this is not typical of British Railways restaurant cars; but it does point the alarm expressed when it was announced that the Pullman Company was going to be taken over by them.

—Gordon Beckles



Swaebe

Eight Hundred Guests Attended the London Wedding of Mr. G. J. Akroyd and Miss P. A. G. Berens

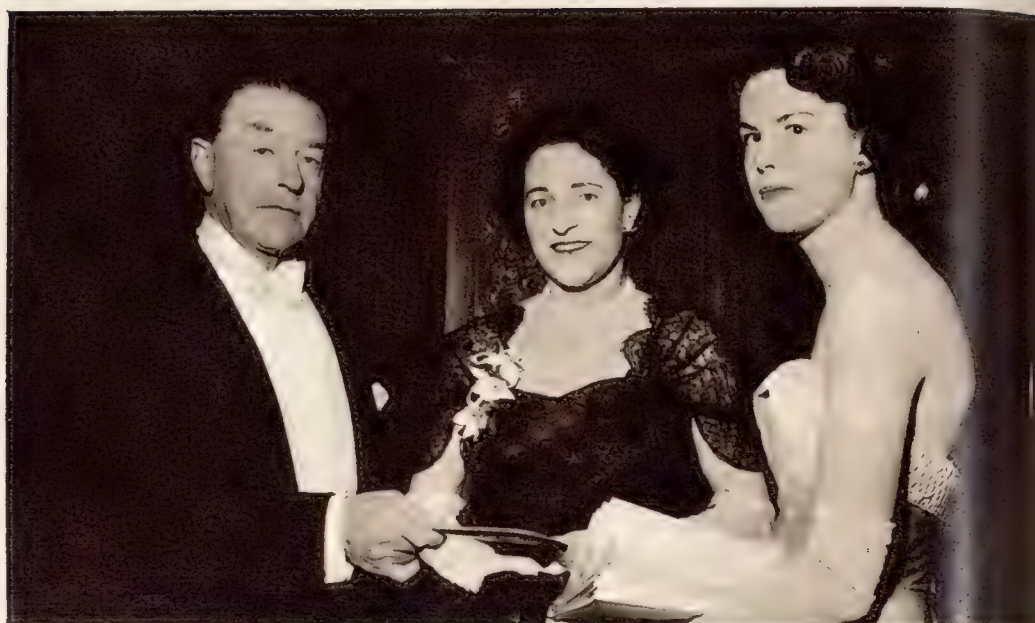
Mrs. John Milne, whose children were bridal attendants, was here with Mrs. Alastair Coats

Preparing to welcome the guests were Mrs. and Mr. H. C. Berens, Mrs. Akroyd, stepmother of the bridegroom, and Mr. G. Akroyd

Miss Merry Remnant, a bridesmaid, Mr. Nicholas Akroyd, best man, and Mr. Tom Barnard

BALL IN LUSTRE OF MAPLE LEAF

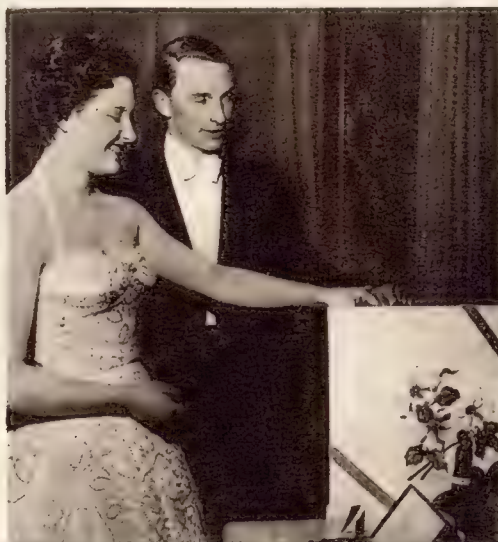
CANADIANS from both sides of the Atlantic were present at the Dorchester for the Maple Leaf Ball, the second to be organized by the Canadian Women's Club. An unusual feature of this gay and most successful evening was a fashion show, given at midnight instead of the usual cabaret



On their arrival at the Dorchester, Earl Alexander of Tunis, formerly Governor-General of Canada, and the Countess bought a programme from Miss Maureen Eaton Brown. Shortly afterwards, they received the 300 guests



H.E. the Canadian High Commissioner and Mrs. Norman Robertson were also members of the reception committee



Trying their luck at the tombola stall were Miss Carol Carr and Mr. William McDougall



Mr. Tim Odhams was just about to swing his partner, Miss S. Capel-Slaughter, into an old-fashioned waltz



Mrs. J. Marcus, the ball secretary, was admiring the prize, a magnificent box of biscuits, which had just been won by Mrs. Albury and Dr. Michael Albury



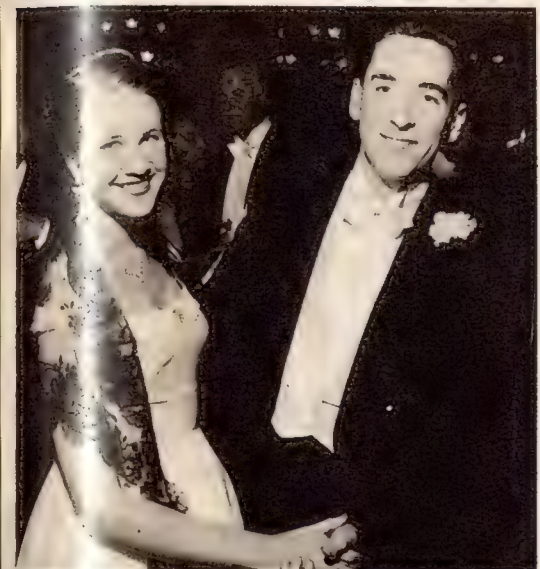
Mrs. Jessica de Pass was enjoying after-dinner conversation with Sir Ian Fraser, M.P., Chairman of the Executive Council of St. Dunstan's, and Mr. Angus Irwin



Mr. Robert Beatty, the actor, who compered the mannequin parade, was greeting friends with Mrs. Beatty



Miss Virginia Battye and Mr. Mark Radcliffe watched with interest as the dancers performed a reel



Among those who shared the happiness of the occasion were Miss Fiona Christison and Mr. T. W. Creaghan



Miss Julia Scott was partnered by Mr. Robert Buxton. Dancing continued until early in the morning



Desmond O'Neill

Under a glowing russet maple leaf which dominated the ballroom, a group of young people gathered in an interval between dances. They were Mr. Nigel Warshaw, Miss Diana Abrahams-Curiel, Mr. John Mosley and Miss Caroline Bibby



Harcourt

DINING OUT

Luncheon For A V.I.P.

A SUMMER's day, and the sun—for some odd reason—is shining, and you have to plan a lunch for Someone Very Important.

We are most of us too ready to accept the prescribed formula: a *gelée en tasse*, cold salmon or perhaps a *poussin*, a salad and ice-cream. Oh, yes! New potatoes and peas?

All very well in its way, but not a lunch which would linger in the memory. So I have tried to get some opinions on this matter, and have started with a man who, among the restaurant-keeping fraternity, knows more than most of his colleagues—the veteran, Mr. Joseph Vecchi, head of the HUNGARIA (Lower Regent Street). He worked out two luncheons, both of them needing considerable warning of your arrival.

Joseph Vecchi offers two ways to begin: either a Charantais melon, or smoked sturgeon, a rarity but much favoured in his own restaurant.

Then *Poularde en Belle Vue*, with an asparagus salad. This dish has the carcass of the chicken stuffed with *foie gras*, and such like, while the white meat is cut off, and also stuffed and arranged around the platter with *cornets* of ham. It is a highly decorative job and should more than satisfy four people.

Of the sweets he selects, I would choose *Fraises Sarah Bernhardt*. Here the strawberries are first soaked in curaçoa. Then cream, sugar and more curaçoa is beaten up, while the fruit is placed on pineapple sorbet—and the mixture poured over. It is also called the Debutante's Dream. No wonder.

NORMANDIE (Knightsbridge, facing Barracks).—One of the pleasantest rooms in which to dine westwards of Hyde Park Corner. It has a spacious and feminine flattering look—especially at lunch. This is one of the resorts taken up by the talented Quaglino family, and has the authentic air of the good restaurant. At present in charge is Mr. Maggiora, who came to Knightsbridge from the Café de Paris. As with conductors of orchestras, the man in charge can make all the difference. Prices not cheap, but reasonable.

A RECENT reference here to *scampi* has led to correspondence which convinces me that it would be far better to wash the word right out and call the succulent little crustaceans just "prawns," whether they come from Dublin Bay or the darkest canal in Venice, which gave the name to the world. The trouble is that "prawn" does not look so elegant on a menu.

"Further to confuse things," writes Lt.-Col. Russell Hay, head of Overton's, "the Italian name for prawn is *gambaretti*."

The ones that come from the Adriatic are much smaller than the Dublin Bay ones. But most of the foreign ones don't come from the Venetian sea at all, but from Morocco and Algiers.

And the home ones come nearly all from Moray, in Scotland, or the west coast of Ireland.

My own summing-up is that *scampi* is a too much relied-upon dish when everything else is short. But I like it however named.

—I. Bickerstaff



F. J. Goodman
MISS ATALANTA CLIFFORD, youngest of the three lovely daughters of the Hon. Sir Bede and Lady Clifford, in her father's house in the Rue de la Faisanderie. Sir Bede was formerly Governor of the Bahamas, and his eldest daughter is now Viscountess Norwich

Priscilla in Paris Last Curtain For A Great Actress

WE were *entre nous* and it was pleasant! Not that we do not welcome visitors to Paris! Great Britain lends distinction, and the Americas, both N. and S., give colour to our festivities; indeed, what would the *grands couturiers* do without our honoured guests? But this affair was a gala for the adieux of Mlle. Marguerite Deval, and a few hours after it was announced by the Press not a seat remained unbooked.

La Guitte's old friends mobbed the Michodière theatre's box-office by telephone, by special messenger, by telegram, and in flesh and blood. The ticket agencies could do nothing against the barrage.

Even if the shade of a once-enraptured monarch had returned from the Valhalla he no doubt inhabits to-day he would

have been told: "Not even a *strapontin*, sir!" I doubt whether the fireman on duty could have been coaxed to give up, as one of his ancestors did, the seat he occupied in the wings. This monarch, who was known to the Paris of the "Naughty 'Nineties" as *le Prince Charmant*, was one of Mlle. Deval's most respectful admirers; the number of times he saw her play in *la Petite Femme de Lot* is a secret known only to his A.D.C. . . . (and the fireman).

I LIKE to think how enchanted he would have been to see her the other evening, so bravely smiling, so pink and white, so golden-haired, so true to her far-away youth—she made her début in 1884—so sprightly and yet frail, a grand old lady of the stage.

When she appeared in the stage box, which had been banked with deep red roses, the spectators jumped to their feet to acclaim her; it was a moving moment.

The *monde* was present, from the Fauchier-Magnans to the Saulnier-Blaches; the stage, from Valentine Tessier to Christiane Delyne; the Arts, from Hamjic to Christine Warnod and many of the innumerable composers, song-writers and dramatists of recent years such as Maurice Yvain and Serge Veber. The authors of the early successes—Claude Terrasse, Franc-Nohain and Rip—to mention but three of the most famous, are, alas, no longer with us.

THOUGH this was Marguerite Deval's farewell appearance, it was a silent one. She felt she could not face the footlights and preferred to be merely a spectator of the performance given in her honour. And what a performance! Yvonne Printemps sang—an all-too-rare treat nowadays. She sang the lovely waltz from Strauss's *Les Trois Valses* and the exquisite *chanson de la lettre* from Reynaldo Hahn's *Mozart*.

We held our breath as I have just held mine: the memory alone of those moments was sufficient to make my heart beat and hold my pen motionless above the page. . . . There is something about Yvonne Printemps' voice that is soul-stirring. And how charming she looked. To sing the *chanson* she wore the suit in which she created the part some years ago. Slim and boyish, she was the enchanting, ageless "wonder-child" of music.

Pierre Fresnay opened the programme by reading a witty and affectionate *à propos* by Marcel Achard and, later, was so moved that he forgot his lines—bless him!—when he appeared as the late Tristan Bernard, who was one of Marguerite Deval's authors.

ALL the "bill-toppers" of the moment came to pay their respects to the great little old lady in the stage box. Charles Trenet almost gave a recital. Robert Lamoureux was out for the evening without his *bonne*, but his monologues were funnier than ever. Odette Laure sang . . . and knitted. (The comforter she started when she sang her famous "*J'suis z'idiote*" for the first time is now nearly two yards long!) Jean Rigaud had his usual satirical say about Political Personages and François Perrier resuscitated Fursy (another dear-departed who used to make the monarch smile!).

There was a moment of disappointment when it was announced that Robert Hirsch, of the Comédie Française, unable to appear, had requested his sister—a singer, it seemed—to deputise for him. But the sister proved to be Hirsch himself in an amazing impersonation of a Wagnerian *prima donna*. This was a great moment. The same sort of thrill as when London stage fans saw Sir Laurence Olivier do a tap-dance. These clever and generous people who take such infinite trouble to give pleasure—how grateful one feels to them!

Enfin!

● Safety First slogans are making us so self-conscious now they have reached France that some of us get out of the car at all cross-roads . . . and push it round the turning by hand.



THE ANGLERS OF WEXFORD

SALMON which come up the River Slaney, in Co. Wexford, meet foes worthy of their weight, a band of fishermen deeply wise in the art and craft of hooking and landing twenty-pounders

[Continued overleaf



Above, Col. Ebenezer Pike, of Dale Park, Arundel, Sussex, casts his line into the rain-swollen waters of the Slaney. Below, Sir Richard Vere Henry Levinge, Bt., selects a fly with which to start the day's angling on the stretch bordering his home, Clohamon, one of the most beautiful houses in the Valley



A regular visitor to the Slaney Valley for the fishing is Sir George Cunningham, who was Rector of St. Anne's University from 1946-49. He had a most distinguished career in India, and was twice Governor of the N.W. Frontier Province. Lady Cunningham, formerly Miss Kathleen Mary Adair, of Tullow, Co. Carlow, is also a keen angler.

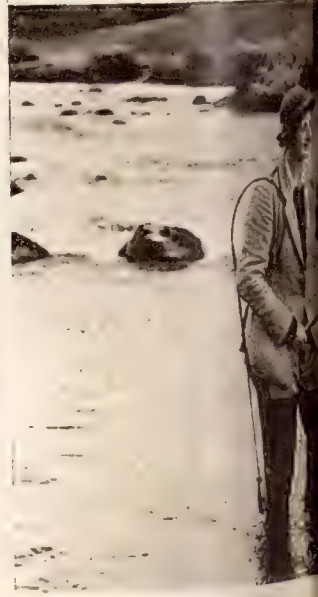
Continuing—

WHERE GIANT SALMON FALL INTO AN AMBUSH

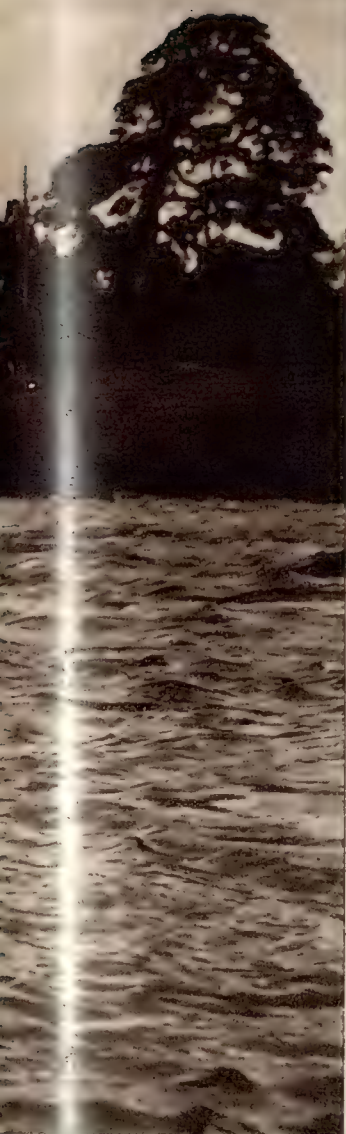
IN its course of nearly eighty miles from Lugnaquilla to the sea at Wexford Harbour, the Slaney, mostly rock with good pools, is a salmon-fisher's paradise, though it is rich, too, in other game fish, notably trout. During the six-month season, now at its height, men and women anglers alike mark up catches whose weight and number need no embellishment to astonish the layman. Some of the fishermen are Irish. Others came from across the sea, for the game of the Slaney has spread far and wide



Mr. Sydney Cope Morgan, Q.C., Mrs. Fielden, and Lt.-Col. E. A. Fielden, High Sheriff of Shropshire, on a fishing holiday



Mrs. Kathleen Poe never misses a day. She is here out on the river with 300 fish hauls



a day during the season.
barry stretch, where over
ught this year



With a fine 20-lb. salmon she had just taken
from their stretch at Kildaven is Mrs. Ebenezer
Pike (Olive Snell, the artist)



Mrs. Norah Manning Robertson, author of
three books on salmon fishing, finds the Slaney
ideal for the exercise of her craft



From the boulder-strewn bank Brig. John Booth, of Rainsford Lodge, Newtownbarry, fishes a
likely pool. He is one of the best-known and most successful anglers on the river, whose yield
this year has been exceptionally good

Fennell

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

REPORTING that a professional sword-swallower in Istanbul was arrested during his performance and charged with being in illegal possession of arms, Auntie Times broke off before the most interesting part of the story—namely, the legal proceedings ensuing.

A Middle Temple chap tells us that over here a good hardmouthed Q.C. could probably get a sword-swallower in this position off by arguing that any sword thus swallowed ceases to be "arms" and becomes light refreshment, indistinguishable in flavour and nutritive value from that supplied by British Railways. The nearest precedent is the case of Carver v. Gowle, in which a leading surgeon sued an ex-patient for the return of a jigsaw, a pair of kid gloves, tweezers, a gold cigarette-case, several swabs, a thermometer, and other articles left inside him by an oversight after a major operation. Mr. Justice Grumble ruled that anything left or deposited inside a patient in this way becomes his own property, like a restaurant meal, though often with less painful after-effects. "Nevertheless," added his Lordship, "the defendant must agree to be opened up and return those gloves, a natty appearance in Harley Street being, I understand, half the battle."

Broken glass chewed by chaps in a rage, like Sir Richard Grenville, Captain Teach, and other pirates, counts as a legal snack if consumed with non-alcoholic liquor up to midnight on alternate Tuesdays on premises holding a "B" club-licence; incidentally.

Rest

ALL that aimless feverish tossing of big girls from hand to hand which is the essence of the Ballet—how trivial, how vulgar it seems after the perfect opening of that Pavlova film of the 1920's lately revived! Balletomanes are still chattering over it, our spies report.

Exquisitely immobile and lying prone on a sofa, Pavlova makes no move of any kind for quite a few moments. "Sheer glory," as one of the critics cried in ecstasy. In our unfortunate view the ballet boys should develop this theme. We'd like to see an entire ballet-company lying on its back, not for a few moments but for the duration. They need not be totally immobile. The prima ballerina could be placidly

knitting, the *danseur noble* could twirl his thumbs and occasionally scratch or blow his nose, the *corps de ballet* could wriggle a saucy toe and stick out a tongue now and again. At length the curtain would slowly descend on an offering so plastic, so astringent, so inductive, so full of re-entrant planes and tonal density. . . . Well, there.

Footnote

It would, as we see it, be a Hungarian folk-theme. As the programme-note would explain, the villagers have been merrymaking before the curtain-rise, but have had to lie down, being very weak, owing to the presence in the village of a human vampire who gnaws their toes every night and drinks their blood. So they just lie quietly, thankful for the chance to rest the old dogs. At length a voice offstage would sing a sad, dreamy folksong from the Esztergom district, called *Hot Feet*.

In the village of Czernypáhany
The maidens have hot feet,
(Cymbalist! Cymbalist! Lay off my toes!)
But a gypsy vampire from Budapest Philharmonic
Takes an occasional snap at them nevertheless;
(Cymbalist! Cymbalist! Lay off my toes!) . . .

The song fades into silence and the curtain comes slowly down. Perfect.

G.O.O.

THERE being apparently no candidates at the moment for the vacant post of Britain's Grand Old Man (for which some time ago we tentatively proposed Mr. G-dfr-y W-nn, and do so still), the next best thing seems to be the forthcoming election of Britain's Grand Old Organist, over which a number of citizens have been wrangling in one of the dailies.

Organists of 50 years' service and over seem to be rare, possibly owing to having their vitality sapped nowadays by demands of the kind celebrated in the wellknown poem beginning:

Seated one day at the organ,
I jumped as if I'd been shot,
For the Dean was behind me, snarling:
"Stainer—and make it hot!"

Lines inspired, a chap in close touch with the Royal College of Organists tells us, by a Belfast organist's boast a few years ago that he could knock high-power jazz out of the old cathedral bus any day if he tried. Most elderly FRCO's find this exercise exhausting, apart from red-hot pipes, jammed pedals, exploding stops, and gasket-trouble. At the College, in fact (said this chap), only young and muscular candidates survive the Bach Swing Course, despite the many luxuries attached, such as coloured lights, rising and falling seats, special stops for thunder, avalanches, gun-play, and birdsong, central heating, automats on the "console," dispensing cigarettes and drinks, and so forth.

Afterthought

BRITAIN'S G.O.O. would not be called on for anything in this line, barring a "token" performance at Festival Hall on big national occasions, such as Derby Day and Rat



"Miss Vi! Miss Vi! What have I done?"

Week. This would merely involve smiling benignly at the keyboard, the actual work being done by RCO stooges. We wish you cared more for what little Mrs. Hargreaves calls, blushing exquisitely, "the things of the spirit."

Hydrophobe

IN South Africa, as Kipling notes somewhere, the Ooms and Tannies esteem themselves to be the only vintage-Dutch, and look down from a great scornful height on the *verdomder* *Hollanders* of Europe. Hence the late water-famine in the region of Amsterdam led, we gather, to no outbursts of Boer sympathy or even applause, though some of the Amsterdammers were unable (*vide* Press) to wash for a week or more.

Judging by that charming satiric piece by Roy Campbell called *A Veld Eclogue*, this lack of interest overseas is odd perhaps.

One knew them at a glance for pioneers, Though Piet, but two years since, had washed his ears . . .

Thus does the Open Veld shake hands with Bloomsbury and Chelsea, and we ask you sahibs fresh, gleaming and complacent from your morning tub, to ponder likewise the remark of a celebrated Oxford figure of the Victorian era. Asked about a rumour that he was having bathrooms put into his college, he said in astonishment "Why, the men are only up eight weeks!" You perceive, therefore, white men, that Culture, Art, Literature, and the Pioneer Spirit are simultaneously opposed to your sissy habits, and if you'd stood out against Nanny more firmly years ago, you might be doing something worth-while for England at this moment. (End message.)

BRIGGS. . . . by Graham





Mrs. L. Caney with her children Susan and David had come from London to see the racing. They watched with interest as the horses assembled for the Hunters' Steeplechase

TOWCESTER PROVED A TALISMAN of good weather, as usual, for its early summer race meeting, and a large number of spectators gathered at Easton Neston Park, home of Lord Hesketh, to watch the six events comprising this popular Midlands feature



Mrs. D. W. Busby, wife of the Clerk of the Course, and her daughter Judy were studying the programme



Mr. Peter Quennel with the Hon. Mrs. John Fermor-Hesketh, who is a sister-in-law of Lord Hesketh



Among the spectators present were Viscount Lumley, Mr. Henry Vyner and Lady Arabella Stuart



Visitors from Buckinghamshire were Mr. Neil Wyatt, Mr. James Judd and Miss Caroline Judd

THE ABOMINABLE CLUBMAN

By WYNDHAM ROBINSON



"From here down, please. The head 's been painted before"

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

EXASPERATED night after night by her husband's habit of loud snoring, a woman asked the advice of her doctor. He suggested that if she tied a piece of string round his nose it would probably stop the snoring.

That very evening her husband attended a reunion dinner, and staggered in very late. His wife could not find any string, so she took a piece of blue ribbon and tied it around his nose without waking him. It worked, and silence reigned.

The next morning, the husband went into the bathroom to shave and stared incredulously at his reflection in the mirror.

"Jean!" he cried. "I can't remember where I was last night, but wherever it was, I won first prize!"

THE sale at the large store had been very hectic, and the assistants were drooping on the last day. Just before closing-time, a harassed assistant, almost at the last gasp, was making out a bill for a sale. As the customer gave her name and address, the assistant, bidding for sympathy, sighed heavily and remarked: "It's a mad-house, isn't it?" "Certainly not!" snapped the customer. "It is a private house!"

WHEN the end of the school term came, the boy brought home a disappointing report. After reading it with a face like thunder, his father rated him soundly on his laziness.

"Remember, my boy," he said at the end of his reproof, "it will pay you to work hard at your studies. Remember, also, that what you have learned no one can ever take away from you."

The boy thought for a moment and then nodded.

"Well," he said, "they can't take from me what I haven't learned, either, can they?"



SALUTE FROM A WINDOW

PRINCE CHARLES, a tiny figure in the central window above the Horse Guards Arch, watches the Trooping the Colour with a double interest. Below him Her Majesty takes the salute according to a ritual honoured since the eighteenth century, and the young Prince, feeling himself part of the occasion, joins in the ceremony. His salute, as this historic photograph shows, is particularly to his mother. The Queen, faultless on her charger, flanked by the illustrious and noble soldiers of our time, is the focal point for all eyes, particularly those of her son.

★ ★ ★

JENNIFER writes: With the brilliant blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter and a row of decorations across her scarlet tunic, the scarlet plume and badge of the Coldstream Guards in her cap, and a navy blue skirt, the Queen presented a handsome picture as she rode side-saddle on the chestnut horse Winston to take the salute and inspect troops at the Trooping the Colour on Horse Guards Parade. She was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh in the uniform of Colonel of the Welsh Guards, and the Duke of Gloucester in the uniform of Colonel of the Scots Guards.

This year the Queen's Colour of the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards was trooped. The Queen Mother, with Prince Charles, Princess Anne, Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra all watched the Queen's Birthday parade from a window overlooking the Horse Guards.

THE Prime Minister had some of his family and friends on the stand at the back of 10, Downing Street. Here I saw Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Beauchamp, Major Christopher Soames, Mrs. Duncan Sandys and Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill and his wife, who wore a cherry-red hat. The Prime Minister came out to watch just before the Queen arrived, but he did not stay to the end as it was rather cloudy and cold.

Mr. Jim Thomas had a big party at the window and on the stand outside the Admiralty, and among others I saw watching the parade were the U.S. Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich, the Earl of Scarborough, whom I saw arriving with his youngest daughter Lady Lily Serena Lumley, Sir Oliver and Lady Harvey receiving congratulations on Sir Oliver being made a peer in the Birthday Honours, Mr. and Mrs. David Drummond, and Mr. John Marnan, Q.C., who, like Mr. Drummond, served with the Irish Guards during the war.





Agence Photographique Basque

THE NEW AIRPORT AT BIARRITZ, rebuilt after serious war damage, can take commercial traffic, and the first regular line was started by B.E.A. in April. When completed it will be one of the finest for its size on the Continent. The runway can take a landing weight of 40 tons. The Airport Restaurant already has a noted cuisine

Flying

Oliver Stewart

Viscount Carries The Torch

AT least a litre of boiling oil has been poured upon me by Mr. Charles Gardner of Vickers, for making the infamous suggestion that the Vickers 1000 transport aircraft might be fitted with plain Avon turbojets instead of with the new Rolls-Royce Conway by-pass engines. The by-pass is a type of power unit which may be able to offer the advantages of both the turbojet and the turboprop in one and the same engine. It should be quieter and externally cooler than the turbojet, yet eliminate the whirling bacon slicer of the turboprop. All of which goes to show that those famous "reliable sources" were unreliable once again.

FOR it was from such sources I heard that the change to Avons was contemplated. It appears, however, that all that was intended was to fit the prototype—never the production version—with Avons solely as a stop-gap until the Conways were ready. But now even more reliable sources tell me that that measure will not be necessary, and that the prototype will make its first flight (which should be about the middle of next year) with Conways.

Meanwhile, the Viscount does exactly what I said it would do. It takes over the baton from the Comet in the great turbine relay race. Just as General Joseph McNarney was telling the world that the American Convair-Liner was "both more economical and, on an average airline trip, faster than the British Vickers Viscount," Mr. J. H. Carmichael, president of one of the greatest domestic airline operating concerns in the United States, was signing his order for three Viscounts with an option on a further forty-seven, a matter of £16,000,000. Mr. Carmichael's view was couched in more convincing terms than General McNarney's.

THE Nash collection of veteran aircraft, which was the main attraction of the Royal Aeronautical Society's garden party at London Airport, is a reminder that this country produced many pioneers who were responsible for several highly successful aeroplanes in about the 1911-15 period. One of the most notable early British aircraft is still flying, and is down in the programme to give a display at the Baginton Air Race Meeting. It is the 1912 Gnome-engined Blackburn monoplane.

On the day after these notes appear Mr. and Mrs. Robert Blackburn are holding a party in London, so it is worth recalling

that Blackburn designed, built and flew his first aeroplane in 1909. His all-steel aircraft, intended for Army use, was produced only two years afterwards, and I believe he was running a flying school at Hendon before World War One. I mention these facts because I think that we are apt to overlook the basic achievements of our own pioneers.

DEAUVILLE Air Rally is again in the offing, to employ the maritime *mot juste*. It has been an annual event—war years excepted—since 1947, and it has usually attracted between 50 and 100 aircraft. The gratitude which all English participants feel for the way in which the French run the event was well signalled a few years ago when Cdr. Perrin, Sir Lindsay Everard and Capt. Bartlett presented cigarette cases to M. François André and others responsible for the organisation.

It is worth moving heaven and earth to go on the Deauville rally, for it offers the kind of gaiety which is to be had nowhere else in the world except in France. This year the opening day is July 3rd. My personal duties take me to a scarcely less pleasant occasion, the French Grand Prix, whose date this year happens to clash with that of the rally; but I gather that a large contingent of English aeroplane owners and charterers will be in Deauville. The La Baule rally takes place on the following week-end.

MINISTERIAL action is making nonsense of the law, of individual liberty and even of the democratic process. No one appreciates better than I that aircraft and aero-engine companies must be free to do their work; but the general public ought also to be free to curb their activities when these interfere with the proper enjoyment of life and when the law permits.

It is, too, most regrettable to observe that, although the report of an investigation into the Gatwick Airport scheme is awaited, no official makes any bones about proclaiming that, *whatever the report says*, the scheme will go through. In fact, that Gatwick inquiry seems to have been a farce, for the Minister has decided that Gatwick is to be an alternative airport to London, and so it will be, no matter what the protests or what the reasons against it.

Thus this free democracy appears to be neither free nor a democracy. Highhanded actions by Ministers are becoming too frequent. Aviation will not benefit from that kind of bullying. It should lead the public with it and not attempt to force them.



Col. A. F. Senior and Col. and Mrs. W. G. A. Coldwell discussed the play during a break for refreshment

FOREIGN SERVICE —THEN CRICKET

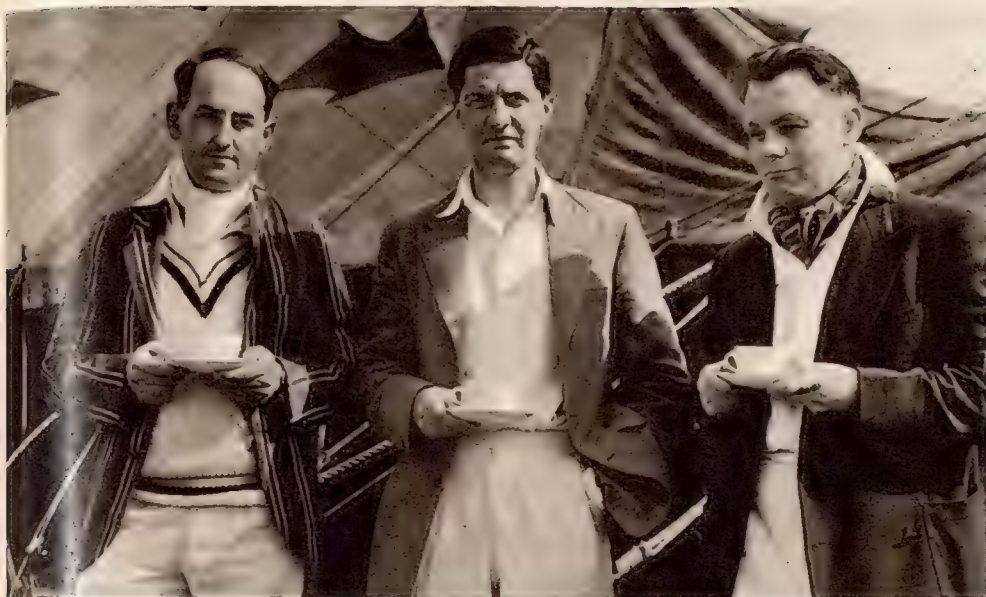
"STRAGGLERS OF ASIA" played a well-contested game against the Northants Regiment team during the recent Cricket Week. This excellent match was followed by a dance at the headquarters, Quebec Barracks. In these activities, happily, the 1st Bn. was able to take part between arriving home from Germany and embarking for Korea



Going for a stroll round the ground between innings were Major and Mrs. W. Dryland



Major Sir Frederick Robinson, Bt., over from Kettering, was talking to Major H. Payne



Taking tea together outside the marquee were Capt. J. H. Reddy, who played for the Regiment, with Mr. W. R. Gaunt and Mr. J. Stafford, who both turned out for the Stragglers of Asia



Lt.-Col. N. J. Dickson, who commands the 1st Bn. Northants Regt., was there with Mrs. Dickson



Lt.-Cols. C. J. M. Watts, G. A. Hill-Walker, A. St. G. Coldwell, Brig. Hinchcliffe and Brig. W. J. Jervois



Major and Mrs. D. W. Spooner were having a short rest from dancing in a floral corner



Mrs. T. W. Garnett was being partnered in a slow fox-trot by her son, Mr. John Garnett



Joining forces in the buffet during the dance were Mr. James Coldwell, Miss Shirley Marshall, Mr. Canute Ericksen, Miss Cecily Sewell, Mr. John Growse and Mrs. P. F. A. Growse



George Hards
Major G. V. Martin, M.C., and Mrs. Martin were returning to the ballroom after supper



F. J. Goodman

NANCY MITFORD, the charming and talented novelist, has earned fresh praise for her biography of Madame de Pompadour, reviewed in these columns recently. She is a daughter of Lord and Lady Redesdale and is married to the Hon. Peter Rodd

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

House-Party In Apulia

FALLING STREAM, by Hester W. Chapman (Cape; 10s. 6d.), is a romantic comedy, set against an enchanting Apulian background. Theme, the caprices of middle age. Potentials of tragedy are here—for who dare quite laugh at the human drama? — but the author has, throughout, struck the right note: ironical sympathy with her characters. A late-summer visit to a castle in Italy's extreme south disturbs what had been, for twenty years, a static relationship between three persons—a triangle which, it had come to seem, rested firmly upon its base.

Mary (who tells the story) long ago would have wished to have married Edward, but resigned herself to his marriage to her friend Laura. Laura is a neurotic: neither Edward nor she could have supported their marriage without Mary, who is the confidante of both. Though aware that she is living at second-hand, Mary has found her rôle not unenjoyable.

Or so, at least, it has been till now. But now—what?

We are sitting in the bluish-purple shadow of the terrace at Maramonte: the background is black, white, harsh green: the glaring, clawing heat of the Apulian plain is kept back by thick walls and heavy trees, as if it were a savage beast. And yet it is we four middle-aged people, Galeazzo, Laura, Edward and I, who are in a cage. . . .

G ALEAZZO, host to the trio, and owner (among many other possessions) of the castle and lands of Maramonte, is a friend of Edward's, dating from Rugby schooldays.

Head of an ancient family, the Sagrentini, this likeable nobleman chiefly prides himself on his English public-school education, and is an impassioned and touchy Anglophile—his English friends are seldom English enough for him. His idealised England, one must admit, is a blend of Galsworthy and Kipling, and his vocabulary (a joy to all) is a veritable museum of dated slang. One can hardly have too much of Galeazzo.

He is unconscious, Laura still more so, of the quite new tension between Edward and Mary—for, *en route* for Maramonte, one burning August night, these two have been swept away by a wave of passion. Those unreal twenty years begin to take their revenge: all that had been repressed springs to life—but needs must now be buried alive. What a strain on a house-party, and one in an isolated baroque castle! The diversion created by Nadya, nerve-racking White Russian genius who sweeps into Maramonte with her macaw, in pursuit of their host, is perhaps fortunate. Not wholly so, for Laura forthwith conceives a fantasy which involves Galeazzo.

C HANGE of scene gives a further turn to the story, but by no means unspins the passionate plot. Maramonte is quitted; the group move on to Nadya's villa at Santa Natalia—a tiny but ultra-modern *plage* somewhere between Brindisi and Bari. Miss Chapman's picture of Santa Natalia is delicious—"a stage set, placed on a long, narrow ledge between the rocks and the water and painted in the pearly, fragile greens, pinks, blues and yellows of eighteenth-century porcelain."

Altogether, *Falling Stream* is not only distinguished but enjoyable—the author's genius for landscape and for interiors has full play, and her witty wisdom as to humanity not less so. There are pages at which one laughs aloud; others, so fraught are they with suspense, cannot be read without a catch in the breath. Miss Chapman's admirers will not be disappointed, and newcomers to the pleasure her writing gives will make, with *Falling Stream*, a propitious start.

★ ★ ★

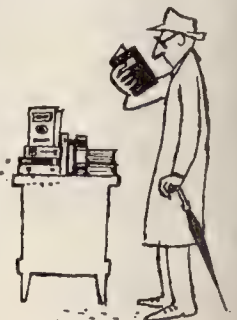
I RIS MURDOCH'S *UNDER THE NET* (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.) is a first novel—we are told: otherwise, one would hardly know it. The author already commands her art, and we are carried through the long story by her evident confidence in it, in her power to tell it, and in the reader. Picaresque, this is in the manner, though not the language, of eighteenth-century Fielding and Smollett—loose as to plot, fertile in incident, teeming with characters, now and then long-winded. Contemporary, it is set in what is described as the intellectual demi-monde of London—the highwaymen's heaths and thieves' kitchens being in Earl's Court Road, Goldhawk Road, Chiswick Mall, Soho, Welbeck Street, the City, and so on. The round-the-corner peculiarities of London can seldom, lately, have been so well explored.

The narrator-hero, Jake Donaghue, is a blend of effrontery and fatalism—he takes what comes, and we see what happens. He is shadowed in his erratic course by a semi-attendant, semi-accomplice, Finn, who well knows what he is about—particularly, one feels, when he speaks stage-Irish. *Under the Net* opens with the pair being thrown out of a flat in the Earl's Court Road, where they have for some time been living with Jake's friend Madge. Madge's lack of thought for their comfort is brought about by her decision to marry Starfield, "Sacred Sammy, the diamond bookmaker." Sammy, whom we are later to meet, is memorable.

S o is Hugo Belfounder, who has transformed a family business in small arms into a fireworks factory, now promotes films, and dwells in a high-up City flat rendered social by starlings. Belfounder is (she says) persecuting Sadie, the would-be film star—sister of the vague Anna, the only woman who counts for anything with Jake. Anna, preoccupied by a miming theatre, suggests that Jake (rendered homeless by Madge) move in on Sadie to act as body-guard: he does, but this proves not the success they had all hoped. Jake, Finn and Dave (a garrulous philosopher) set out on a pub-crawl to look for Belfounder, who Jake has reason to think is avoiding him. They then take a midnight swim in the Thames.

And so on. The tale has inconsequence, richness, pace. There are supremely bizarre moments—the rehearsal of the mime, the mistaking of the starlings for a cocktail party, the hallucinated pursuit of Anna through the midnight dementia of Paris on Juillet 14. Some readers may find there is too much talk—i.e., ideological discussion. Miss Murdoch is determined to have this; and since it so clearly has to be there, you must admit she has done it well. I myself could have sometimes wished that Jake had never kidnapped the film-star dog, Mars—for some reason, this animal hung fire.

Under the Net, I thought, would have been still more enjoyable without Jake. This young man fails to grow on one. His self-portrait, at the outset, is disarming, but one becomes worn down by his elfish behaviour. (He lives by literary hack-work, could write properly, and by the end feels that he may.) As he is the teller of the story it is, of course, impossible to shake him off. The other characters are fascinating—not least Mrs. Tinkham, of Charlotte Street, and her cats.



Continued on page 708



MASTERS OF SPORT photographed by **ERIC COOP**

LORD BURGHLEY, K.C.M.G., son and heir of the Marquess of Exeter, is perhaps the biggest name in athletics in this country. The finest hurdler we have ever had, his achievements in the twenties and early thirties brought immense credit to Britain, and he has followed this up with a devotion to the cause of sport which has made him chairman of the British Olympic Association, and a member of the International Olympic Committee. He is a brilliant organizer—as the City can testify—and his work as chairman of the committee for the 1948 Olympic Games at Wembley was the mainspring of their great success. In private life he is a devotee of country sports



Adaptable

For our FASHION CHOICE THIS WEEK we have selected this exquisite, full-skirted dress by Atrima made of a French flock-material where huge white frosted chrysanthemums are scattered over a black net background.

Shown in our large picture as a short dance frock, it can be adapted and worn as a day dress or for a very grand gala occasion. It costs 15½ gns., from Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, who sell all the other merchandise shown in these three photographs, save the underskirt.

On the right it is worn for a wedding or cocktail party over a black silk jersey blouse, price £7 10s. The little flowery hat is priced at £4 18s. 6d.; washable suède gloves, 35s. 9d.; and the very good, plain black grosgrain handbag, £5 15s. 0d.

—MARIEL DEANS



John French

Here is the dress worn with Atrima's long, stiffened underskirt added below. This turns the whole thing into a full-length evening dress suitable for an important social engagement. The underskirt costs 19½ gns., the filigree necklace and ear-rings hung with dark grey beads, 4 gns. the set

DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

SUMMER and the elegance of shop windows and advertisements, if not of actual surroundings, always brings me out in irritated indictments of the dullness of male relatives' clothing. Even if sun is not shining and flowers sensibly remain shut, it is open to us fortunate humans, I maintain, to switch on electric stove and dress as if the hillside really were dew-pearled.

When boys were small at least I could let colour urge run fairly riot by encasing same in brilliantly coloured shorts and sweaters or shirts. As they get older, however, custom planes them down to subfusc; almost everything that is not navy-blue is dirty-grey; even their hair, once comparable to a harvest-field in August, has been smoothed down to a grim beige through constant flattening with water. The only difference between their summer and winter appearance is that instead of ironing grey flannel shorts I iron khaki drill ones, while E. writes from school demanding another pair of swimming trunks—dark coloured.

IF anything, spouse and helpmeet is worse than boys in this respect. His Palm Beach suit cannot be worn except on state occasions because London smuts smudge it and drops of rain speckle it almost permanently, so he insists on appearing in dull grey with invisible pink stripe to go with the sky. Any suggestion that brown to tone with colour of



eyes would be more fetching is treated with scorn and statement that men do not need to accentuate colour of eyes which everybody knows, anyway. He insists also on depressing shirts in refined Georgian stripes, and quite incredible profusion of ties all conveying an impression of restrained and dignified mourning.

ATTEMPTS to brighten position by birthday or Christmas presents are greeted by pained thanks and presumably humorous inquiry whether I wish him to look like a juvenile delinquent. Retort that he is much behind times in view of juvenile delinquents—if he takes a look at any popular newspaper nowadays he will discover that contemporary j.d.s always dress with exaggerated respectability and expenditure in clerical grey picked out with fresh white touches at throat and wrists, and his best method of looking like one is to go on as he is doing.

[Continued on page 700]

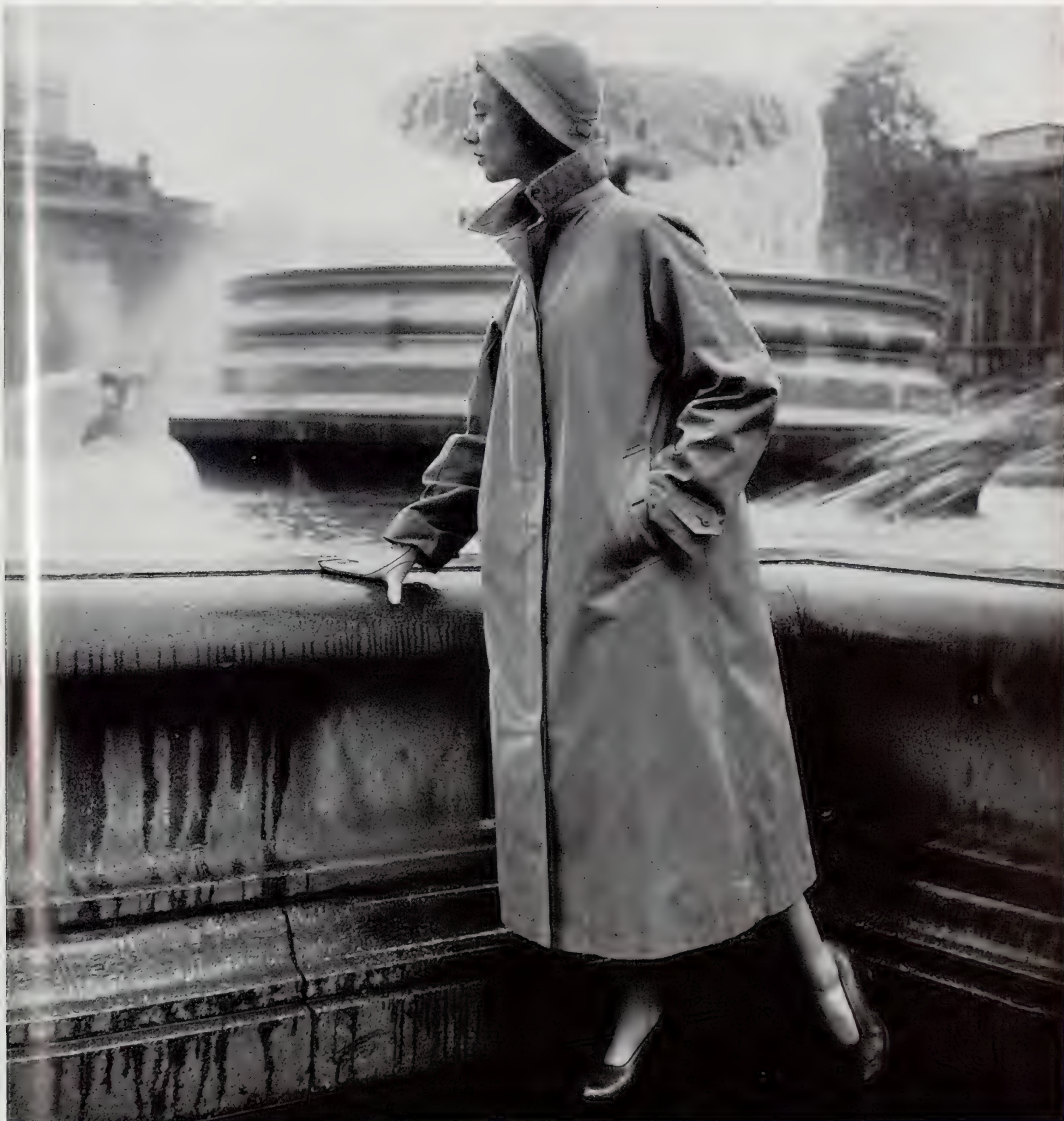


Dunlop's Dobby-weave rayon raincoat in a midnight, blue colour with a small birds-eye check has deep armholes and sensible pockets. A little matching hat completes the outfit. Bourne & Hollingsworth have it in stock

Becoming— In the Rain

ONE way to get a reputation for being well-dressed is to be beautifully turned out at a time when everyone else is looking their worst—for good example, a very wet day. We show here some excellent outfits: smart, wearable, and (because we personally have a horror of "fancy rainwear") very plain indeed. The little matching hats are practical and not unbecoming. Men's raincoats remain, thank goodness, untouched by fantasy and are increasingly well-tailored

—MARIEL DEANS



A classic-style cotton gaberdine coat with a checked wool lining and fly-front fastening, has a little stitched hat of the same material. They come from Burberrys, Haymarket, and are available in a large range of colours

CONTINUING - DIARY OF A LADY

Position—subject for spirited argument since before marriage—is brought to head by recent purchase by friend Elaine of knitting machine. Knitting machine and potentialities so fascinate entire neighbourhood that all husbands within sight and sound are in amazingly short space of time garbed in gay waistcoats of variegated shades—run up by Elaine in one evening on machine.

OWN husband is, of course, the only one in locality to stand out against pressure of fashion and encouragement of Elaine and self, remarking that he doesn't hold with new fashions and would not like to be stared at, and greeting all retorts that he is more likely to be stared at if he doesn't conform, with appropriate scorn. He also states that baggy grey flannels and beige pullover as worn in undergraduate days are neat and attract no attention. When I nag back that what is good enough for his father is too obviously good enough for him, he retreats into



enigmatic silence, from which even call of old clothes man—who, on seeing husband in gardening attire, retires with conviction that our need is greater than his—cannot draw him.

FINALLY I fall back on statistics. Have discovered epoch-making theory that male population of Great Britain is increasing so rapidly that by the time sons of family grow up, young men, instead of driving up to houses of lady friends and tooting until lady comes out, as in own youth, will be obliged to queue up with orchids, chocolates and unspoken potentiality of mink before getting so much as a tennis partner. In such circumstances, I say, what does he think he is doing, educating two growing sons to seek protective coloration?

Does he imagine that two g.s.'s will find suitable mates if all they can do is dress in baggy flannels and beige pullovers and everything carefully chosen to eliminate personality and charm? How, I demand, will he ever achieve grandchildren at that rate? Remind him of male ruff, peacock, etc., in similar statistical position, which not only wear superior waistcoats to fascinate females but also dance—remind him how long it is since he danced and what sort of an example is this?

As no argument produces anything but superior laughter, I rush and buy myself cotton sun-dress in refined grey bound with chalk white—only to find on return that husband has done similar shopping expedition and is now equipped with summer dressing-gown in West African print, beside which tropical gardens pale into insignificance. To the tactful flattery of this I have absolutely no reply—nor to the typical comment on my own new garment—that it's awfully quiet, isn't it, and he does wish I'd get something *red*. . . .

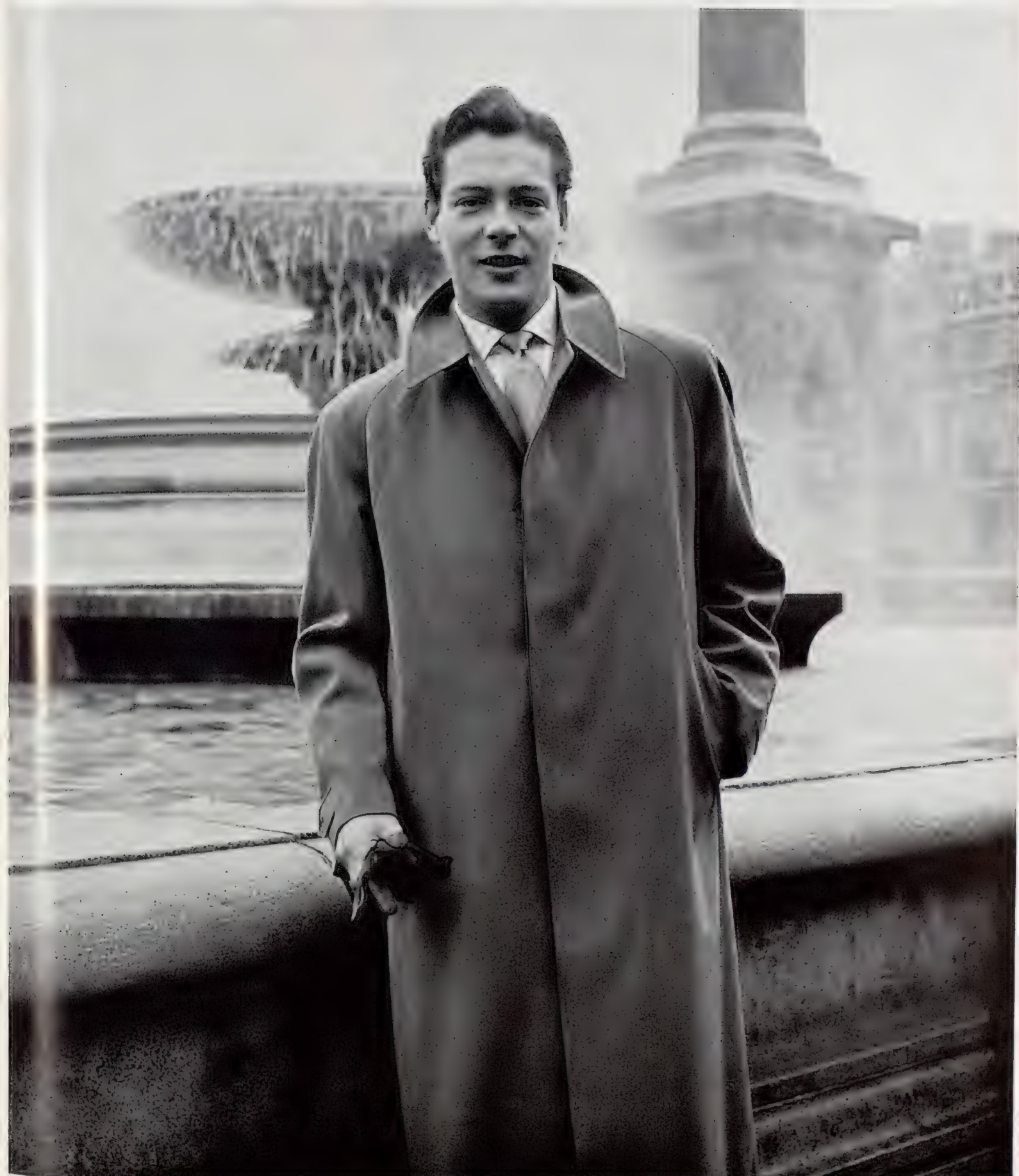
— Diana Gillon



... In the Rain

(On the opposite page) A black silicon-poult raincoat reversed with a different colour of the same material. The little pull-on hat has a stitched brim. All inquiries to Valstar Ltd., 314 Regent St., W.1

(Below) A man's slip-on Raglan raincoat is made of all-wool cloth woven from 70's quality yarn—light, warm, and extremely water-repellent. Drivay Ltd., Water Lane, Leeds, are the makers



SHOPPING

*Elegance
in Eden*

THIS is the time for entertaining and being entertained; for social gatherings, summer evening dinner parties, and cocktails on the lawn, under the cool green trees. The lovely things shown here are in keeping with the summer mood, either to adorn the home, or as part of the ensemble.

—JEAN CLELAND



These felt-covered files, with their charming pictures, provide a delightful way of keeping bills, receipts and letters under control, and their frequently all too humdrum nature disguised. Price £2 3s. 6d. From Fortnum & Mason



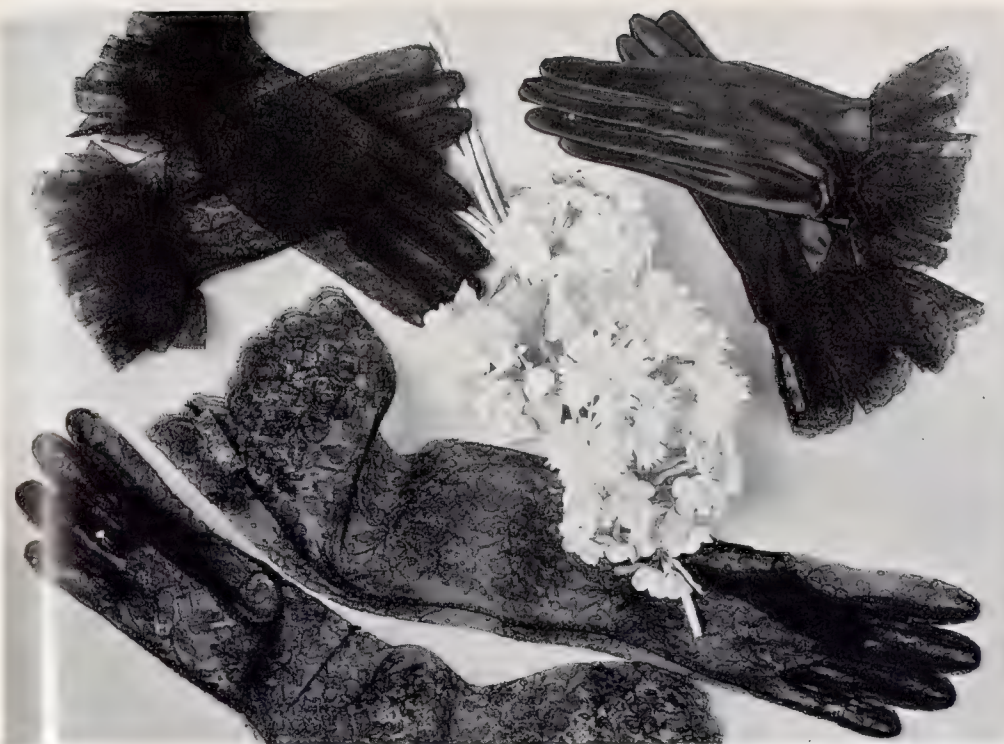
The "Barcelona" hand-bag, has just arrived in this country. Its lid has an easy-to-reach oval mirror. Price 49s. 6d. From Selfridges



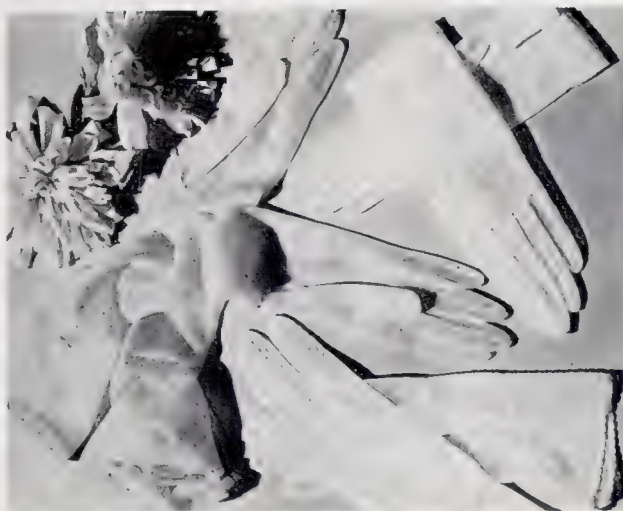
An organdie tea cloth set, of gossamer daintiness, appliquéd with a design of lilies of the valley. The one 45 in. cloth, with six napkins, costs £10 10s. From the White House



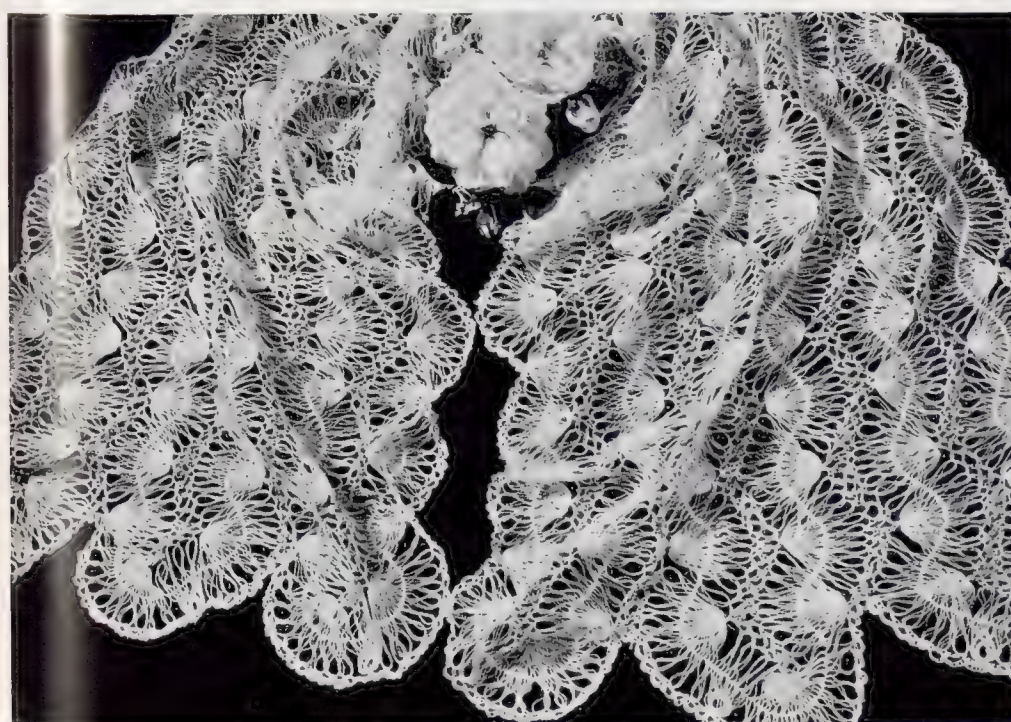
Lily of the valley is one of the season's favourite motifs. Here it finds a quite exquisite application in a Cologne scent flask with a gracefully flowing stopper. Price £3 3s. From Fortnum & Mason



For the festive occasion, these lovely gloves are the perfect finish. Black Chantilly lace, 12-button length, 53s. Short satin with lace cuff and velvet bow, 59s. 6d. Chantilly lace with frilly cuff and velvet bow, 52s. 6d. All are from Debenham & Freebody



Right: Dainty and cool for summery occasions are these attractive gloves from Finnigan's Ltd., elbow length spotted French nylon, 25s. Wrist length waffle nylon, 12s. Wrist length, cuffed, spotted French nylon, 18s. 6d.



The title "A Midsummer Night's Dream" might have been designed for this "Melisande" stole, hand-made in mohair, hairpin stitch, interwoven with gold thread. Price £7 7s., from Marshall & Snelgrove

Dennis Smith

NEWS NOTEBOOK

"THE LATEST NOVELTY"

VERY latest thing for carrying around when you are shopping or holidaying, is the "Tote" bag, which seems to me one of the best "buys" I have seen for a long time. Made of real leather, and lined throughout with *moiré* silk, this is very capacious, and has an outside zip pocket to hold money, and keep such oddments as powder compact and lipstick separate and ready to hand. Extremely light, it can be had in black, white, honey colour, brown, navy and luxan, and it costs only 63s. I saw it this week at Debenham & Freebody's.

★ ★ ★

At this time of year, when salads make their appearance at most meals, a new and convenient type of salad washer from France is a good find. When not in use, this collapses quite flat, so that it can be packed for holidays or put in a drawer. In action, it pulls up by two handles and looks rather like a small bird cage. It can be had in two shapes, round 12s. 6d.; square, 11s. 9d. From Selfridge's.

While I was looking at this, I saw something else which struck me as being very useful. This is a propelling pencil which has an attachment with a rubber suction pad. The pad can be stuck to the desk, or by the telephone, and the pencil just slips into it, so that it is always there when you need it in a hurry. Price 2s. 11d.

★ ★ ★

Do you like waffles? Personally I have always thought them a good answer to the problem of a last-minute sweet. There have been various things on the market for making them at home, but I was particularly interested in one that has just made its appearance, which seems to me to make the whole business extremely simple. This is called the "Tempo" waffle iron, and is made by the same people who do the "Tempo Taste-T-Toast" for hot sandwiches. The waffle iron has a long handle and opens out flat. When the mixture has been poured in (according to directions), the iron closes down, and your waffle is practically made. Obtainable from all good hardware stores, prices 20s. 9d.

★ ★ ★

SMARTEST accessory for summer dresses is cork jewellery, which comes in fascinating shapes and designs. Sometimes it is mixed with fruit, and sometimes with beads, and some of the necklaces are so gloriously chunky that if you were to wear them while in the water, they might even keep you afloat. On the other hand, they might not, so to be on the safe side, you'd better keep on swimming. I have seen these in several of the leading stores, at varying prices. If you are interested, just ask for cork jewellery.

★ ★ ★

WHAT to wear when invited away for the weekend? If it's cold one may need wool. If it's hot—oh, bother this climate! The answer to the problem comes in a new material called "Wolney" which, being a mixture of silk and wool, is warm, yet beautifully light. It also has a crisp look that is very smart, and can be had from Liberty, in plain shades, or printed designs. Price 27s. 6d. and 32s. 6d. a yard. 36 in. wide.

—J. C.

New Appearances



London visitor—Helena Rubinstein

Now is the time of year when most people are worried about their complexions. The weather is so changeable, hot and sunny one moment, cold and rainy the next, that the skin never knows what to expect. How to keep it in good condition?

Two things, in my opinion, are of priority importance. First and foremost, see that it is thoroughly and regularly *nourished*, massaging daily with a really rich skin food. If your complexion is of the specially dry type, then I would advise using one of the vitamin creams.

SECONDLY, the skin must be guarded, not only from the rays of the sun, but from changes of temperature, which can be so sudden in our unpredictable climate. A good protective cream is the answer, one that stands up to all kinds of weather. A cream such as this acts as a combined foundation and protection.

By Jean Cleland

CERTAIN types of skin suffer from acidity, which impairs the texture and robs it of its bloom. A rumour reached me that Helena Rubinstein had discovered a new treatment for this, and it was fortuitous that, with the subject uppermost in my mind, I was able to meet her and hear all about it.

Just recently she was here for about three days, and when I got a message to say that she would like to see me—we are very old friends—I dropped everything, and hurried to Grafton Street. I had not seen her for some time, but I found her as full of vitality and energy as ever. She had, she told me, just arrived from Germany, and was about to fly back to New York before leaving again to do business in Paris. For this dynamic little woman flits from continent to continent with no more fuss than most of us make about going from London to Scotland.

Helena Rubinstein's approach to the question of beauty culture is—and always has been—scientific. Most of her time is spent working with doctors and chemists, endeavouring to discover new treatments, new cosmetics, and new ways of improving those already in existence. It is this that keeps her for ever on the move, backwards and forwards to the famous clinics in different countries.

DURING this latest visit she was full of some discoveries which are just about to be put before the public, and as things of this kind are of interest to most women, I pass the information on, hot—as it were—from the oven.

First a new rejuvenating mask specially designed to draw out impurities and to rid the skin of acidity. The mask, which is herbal and contains valuable vitamins, has a sort of summer smell, like a hayfield. For the moment, it will be used as a treatment in the salon, but later on "Madame" hopes to sell it to the public, for use in one's own home.

Next, the "Silk Minute-Make-Up," which is

the real silk face powder, with a special silken base. In actual fact, it is a blend of silk face powder and silk-tone foundation, which makes it very soft and clinging. You can carry it in your bag, it won't spill, and it can be used on top of the existing make-up when you want to retouch and refresh your face.

Lastly, we talked of make-up, and I was interested to hear about the new "can't smear" lipstick called "Stay-Lustre" in three exciting colours: "New York Red," which is very gay and vivid, as its name implies, "Pink and Fair," delicate and soft as a rose, "Sunny Coral," lovely for beachwear and summer dresses, and just the sort of colour you want when you are going on holiday.

TALKING of holidays, you will no doubt be pleased to hear that "Madame" has just brought out a new waterproof mascara, which is an improvement on the original one. This stays on even better, and gives the lashes a pleasant sheen. If the lashes are thin, and you want to encourage their growth, she recommends using this mascara in conjunction with "eyelash grower."

As I was leaving, "Madame" asked after my daughter. "Let me see," she said, "she must be about sixteen now." "How on earth did you know?" I asked. "That is easy," she replied with a twinkle in her eye,

"because I was over here in 1938, just about a fortnight before she was born. Don't you remember?"

OF course I remembered. It was on one of "Madame's" many flying visits, and she rang me up to ask me to lunch at the Ritz. In the circumstances I hesitated. But not for long. It would have taken a stronger woman than I to withstand Madame Helena Rubinstein, the secret of whose tremendous personality is that she is ever full of enthusiasm.





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ENGAGEMENTS



Lenare

Miss June Elizabeth Cadogan Fenwick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Fenwick, of Kogeria, Kiambu, Kenya, has announced her engagement to Mr. Paul George Bullen Spicer, of Rutland Gate, S.W.7, son of the late Col. R. G. B. Spicer, C.M.G., M.C., and the late Mrs. Spicer



Fayer

Miss Helen Gillian Wharton, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Wharton, of Banbury, Oxon, is engaged to be married to Mr. Jeremiah Le Roy Harman, son of Sir Charles and Lady Harman, of Clifford's Inn, London, and Tully, Louisburgh, Co. Mayo



Yevonde

Miss Helen E. Fenwick-Clennell, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. E. Fenwick-Clennell, of Eland Hall, Ponteland, Northumberland, is to marry Mr. Christopher C. Moira, of Cleveland Place, King Street, S.W.1, son of Professor and Mrs. G. E. Moira



LEEDS—MCBEAN

At St. Peter's, Eaton Square, Capt. George Leeds, Grenadier Guards, son of Cdr. Sir Reginald Leeds, Bt., R.N., and Lady Leeds, of Paington, Devon, married Miss Nicola McBean, daughter of Mr. D. McBean, M.C., and Mrs. McBean, of Cape Province, and Queens Gate Gardens, S.W.17

THEY WERE MARRIED The TATLER'S Review



TILNEY—HUNTER

Mr. John Tilney, M.P., of Liverpool, son of the late Col. and Mrs. R. H. Tilney, married Mrs. Guinevere Hunter, widow of Mr. L. Hunter, and daughter of the late Sir Hamilton Grant, Bt., and of Margaret Lady Grant, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



MORTON—O'DONNELL

At the Church of Our Lady of Victories, W.8, Dr. Lawrence Morton, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Morton, of Cabra Park, Phibsboro, Dublin, married Miss Maura O'Donnell, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. O'Donnell, of Sandfield, Warmsworth, nr. Doncaster



HAWKINS—BRETT

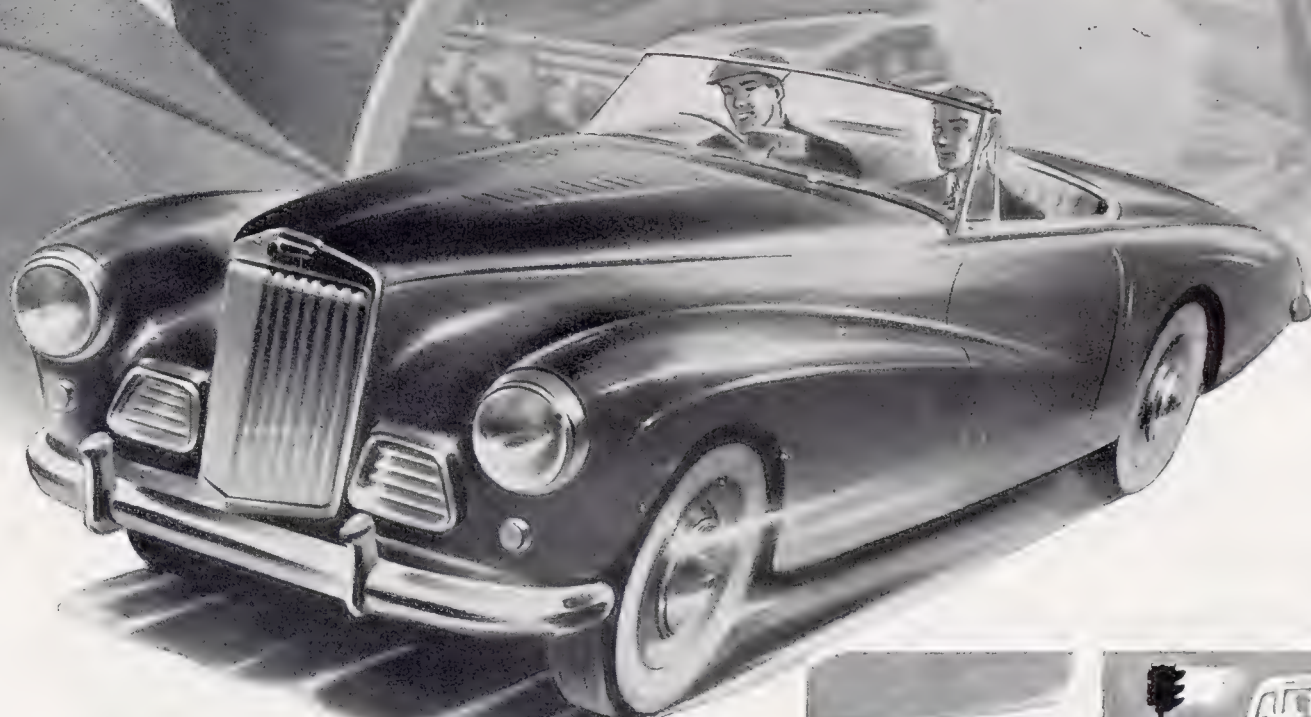
The wedding took place between Mr. Michael R. B. Hawkins, son of Major J. C. B. Hawkins, of Co. Dublin, and of Mrs. G. Neve, of Rolvenden, Kent, and Miss Patricia M. Brett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Brett, of Norton Court, Teynham, Kent, at Faversham Church



RASMUSSEN—BOXALL

At the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy, Mr. John Andrew Rasmussen, only son of the late Mr. J. A. Rasmussen, and of Mrs. R. M. Rasmussen, of Nuneaton, married Miss B. June Boxall, only daughter of the late Mr. L. Boxall, and of Mrs. B. H. Boxall, of St. John's Wood

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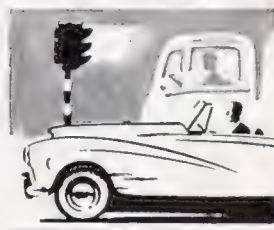
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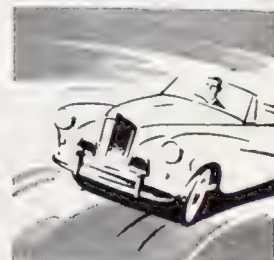
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Book Reviews (Continued from page 694)

INNES SCORES AN INNER

HAMMOND INNES, one of our very best contemporary adventure-thriller writers, now gives us *THE STRANGE LAND* (Collins, 10s. 6d.)—a story laid in Morocco. From the first page (the opening is in Tangier) we are gripped by that sense of tension, mystery, urgency which Mr. Innes by now so well commands. The "I" of the story, Latham—ex-smuggler turned missionary—has come to the port to meet a Czech doctor, Kavan, who is to work at the mission in the Atlas Mountains. But is the man rescued from the wreck of the yacht indeed Kavan, or is he another? Whoever he is, he has arrived into trouble.

The identity-mystery is not soon cleared up. As a thriller, this is possibly just less thrilling than some of the productions of Mr. Innes; but as landscape-painting, as a study of types and a picture of the peoples, European and otherwise, inhabiting "the zone of insecurity," it is superb.

★ ★ ★

MFOR MOTHER, by Marjorie Riddell (Constable, 7s. 6d.), is a dear, absurd, true-to-life short book—somewhat in the *Provincial Lady* vein. You'll love Mother, addle-headed and fond, prey to the most roundabout anxieties.

You'll enjoy the mares'-nests created by many aunts. Particular praise should go to the Peggy Bacon illustrations, which are indeed a great part of the fun—cousin Elizabeth eating a sensible hot lunch; Amy on the verge of another sore throat. Author and artist, in this case, must have been interlocking minds.

★ ★ ★

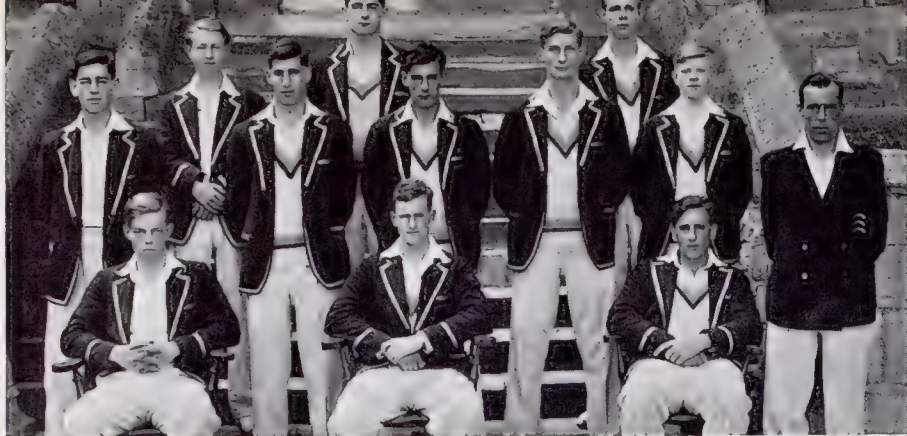
THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY, by Helen McCloy (Gollancz, 9s. 6d.), is a first-rate psychological thriller, with a Highland background. What makes an apparently happy and normal child, adored by his parents, keep running away from home? This question is exercising not only the boy Johnny's family but the local laird—does magic account for Johnny's repeated vanishings in broad daylight? A chase in the dusk, a watch in the dark, and a still more eerie interlude underground are among the incidents in a story which you are unlikely to put down till you have finished it.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THERE are two recordings among the recent releases which in their different ways command attention. They are both presented by Continental artists, one by no less a personality than Marlene Dietrich, the other by Mlle. Annie Cordy. The Dietrich made her first appearance in cabaret in London on Monday and on the recording in question offers "Time For Love" and "Look Me Over Closely" to the lush accompaniment of Percy Faith and his Orchestra. Neither of these songs is very good recording material, and the artist, in spite of the efforts of the orchestra, sounds dangerously near ennui! (Philips P.B.291.)

Mlle. Annie Cordy sings in English, "Le Petit Cordonnier" and "Free Home Demonstration." She does not sound weary; but even so does not raise herself above the mediocre, a class which is already overcrowded vis-à-vis gramophone recordings. Time may assist Mlle. Cordy to overcome what now is a "must" if she is to crash the British recording market to any effect. (Columbia W.B.3479.)

Robert Tredinnick



MALVERN COLLEGE CRICKET 1ST XI (1953). Standing: P. B. Evans, M. M. Southall, R. E. S. Robson, J. M. Walker, T. J. Straker, I. C. MacLaurin, W. A. N. Lane, M. M. Laidlaw. Seated: R. K. Whitley, R. H. E. Russell, J. W. Potter, Mr. R. Beveridge (coach)

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By S. A. PATMAN

How Malvern's Style Arose

FEW schools are situated in such beautiful scenery as Malvern College at the foot of the Worcestershire Beacon on the eastern slopes of the Malvern Hills. It commands a vista of the Vale of Evesham towards the Cotswolds, with Bredon Hill in the mid-distance, while to the left Worcester Cathedral raises its graceful tower.

Founded in 1862 by a group of Worcestershire gentlemen, it opened three years later. Its first headmaster, the Rev. Arthur Faber, a Wykehamist, gave to Malvern a Wykehamist character, and under his guidance Malvern soon acquired the status of the older public schools. Fifteen years after its foundation numbers approached 300 and today 565, its full complement, are accommodated.

The estate comprises 120 acres and in the grounds, in self-contained units, are the school buildings built of Cradley stone; the chapel containing memorials to those who fell in the South African and two World Wars; ten boarding-houses and the science school, which was opened in 1938 by the late Earl Baldwin of Bewdley.

THE cricket ground, the Senior Turf as it is called, is long but undeniably narrow, with a steep bank on one side, a delightful place from which to watch cricket, and on the opposite side a sheer drop. The wickets are pitched parallel with these two banks, so that cover point stands only some fifteen yards from the boundary, and that, too, when fielding in a normal position. Maybe this restricted area has encouraged the Malvern style, the drive through the covers.

Malvern cricket first became famous about sixty years ago, mainly through the efforts of Charles Toppin, who was coach, organizer, inspirer and soul of Malvern cricket for nearly forty years. Older generations of Malvernians will recall the great Foster brotherhood—all seven brothers were born and bred at the school—whose names will always be associated with Malvern and Worcestershire (Fostershire as it was often called).

Turning over the pages of old score books brings back memories of other great cricketers

who first learnt the game at Malvern. The mere recitation of names is often tedious reading but no review of Malvern cricket could omit mention of such distinguished players as C. J. Burnup, G. H. Simpson-Hayward—the last of the lob-bowlers—the brothers S. H. and A. P. Day, W. H. B. Evans, Frank Mann, the mighty Middlesex hitter, Norman Partridge, and the two England and Surrey batsmen, D. J. Knight and Errol Holmes, to select just a few from the long list of county players.

MALVERN football, too, has produced famous players, and the standard of the game has been maintained even more than cricket, under the coaching of A. H. Chadder, now president of Pegasus, and his successor, D. F. Saunders, the captain of the amateur club. In the great days of the Corinthians, when England's supremacy was unchallenged, twelve Old Malvernians gained international honours, including C. J. Burnup, R. E. Foster, R. Corbett and S. H. Day.

Rackets is another game long associated with the Fosters, who have provided five of the ten players to represent Malvern in the Public Schools Cup, which it has won on six occasions. No account of games would be complete without reference to the Old Malvernians cricket tour started in 1895 and carried on ever since—for many years now at Eastbourne and Lancing. The old boys, too, have played a conspicuous part in football, having won the Amateur Cup in 1902, and the Arthur Dunn Cup seven times.

UNLIKE many schools, Malvern was not richly endowed by its founders and probably no old boys' society has done, or has had to do, as much for a school as the Malvernian Society. Its considerable annual income is devoted to the combined interest of Malvernians and the school itself, and thus the school has been able to keep abreast of modern developments, instead of being crippled by lack of funds.

Recently more than 250 members attended a dinner in London to welcome the new headmaster, D. D. Lindsay, of Clifton and Trinity College, Oxford, and recently headmaster of Portsmouth Grammar School.

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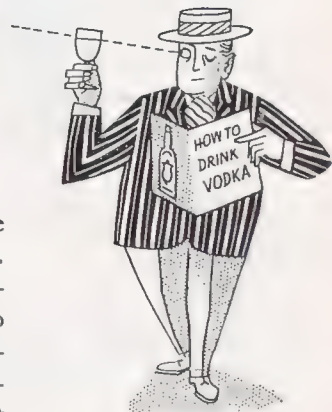
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IT'S A REVELATION

The Englishman's[★] Guide to Smirnoff Vodka



The Island Race are among the world's most discerning drinkers. They are, however, notably conservative in their tastes, preferring to stick to what they know than experiment with alien beverages of doubtful potency. Believing, however, that Englishmen[★] should share in the pleasures of cocktail imbibers in other lands, we gladly provide a few facts about the world-famous Smirnoff Vodka.

1. Smirnoff Vodka is a smooth palatable drink, no stronger than your Gin, Whisky or Rum.

2. Smirnoff Vodka is today one of America's most popular drinks, where it is used as the blending spirit for new and established cocktails as well as for long drinks.

3. Smirnoff Vodka makes a most attractive drink taken straight "à la Russe," especially when accompanied by savouries.

4. Smirnoff Vodka is made in this country according to the traditional recipe used by Pierre Smirnoff, purveyor of Vodka to the Imperial Court of Russia.

Try a MOSCOW MULE (1 part Smirnoff Vodka, juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ Lemon; add ice and fill up with Ginger Beer. Garnish with slice of Lemon and stir gently). Also a SMIRNOFF & TONIC (1 part Smirnoff Vodka poured over several ice cubes in a long glass. Fill up with Tonic Water and garnish with slice of Lemon).

**To say nothing of the Scots, the Welsh and those of the Irish whose pleasures know no frontier.*



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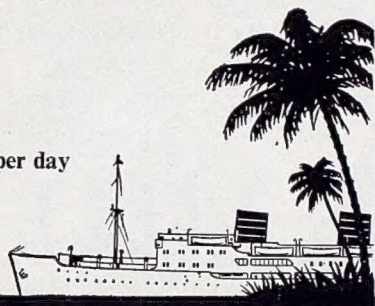
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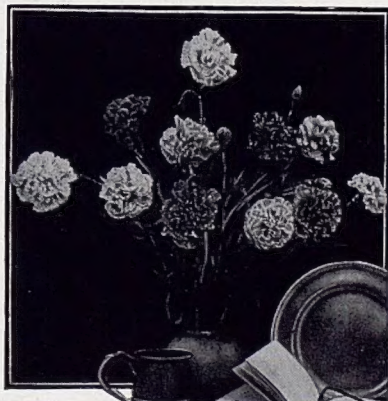
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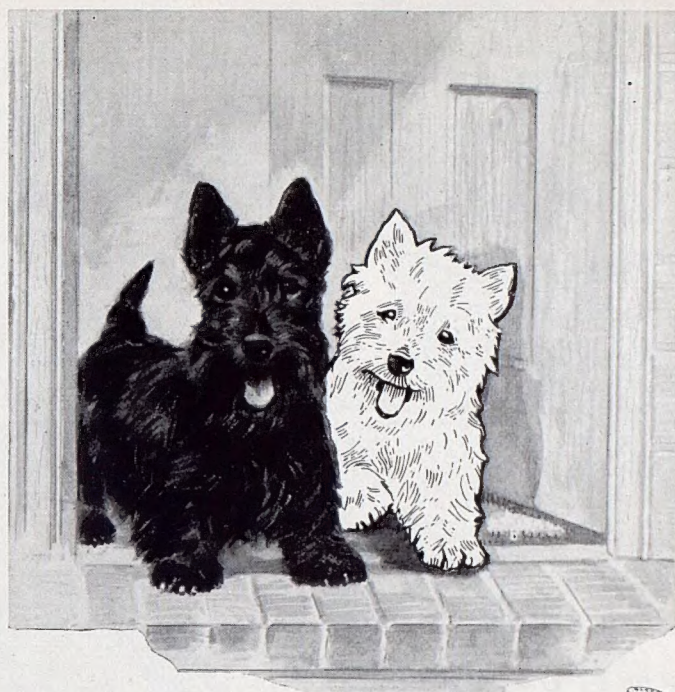
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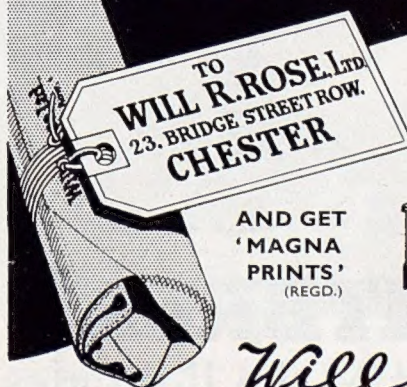
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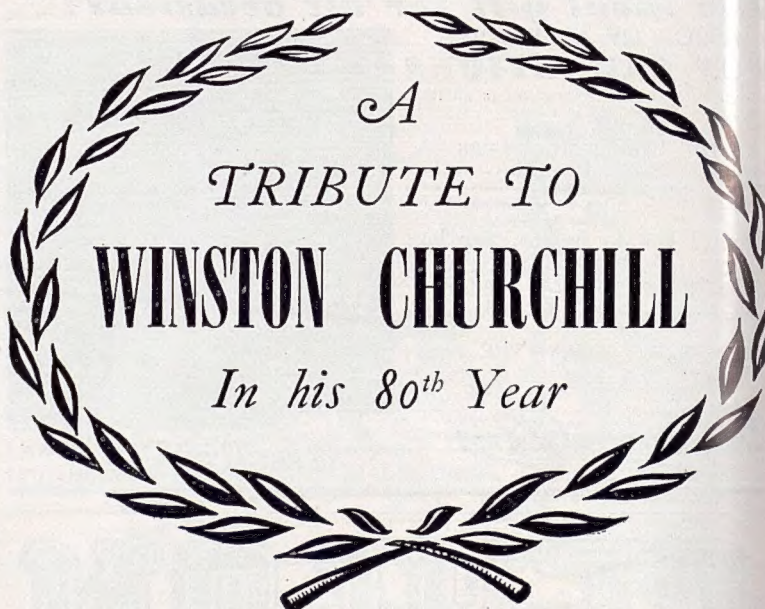
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